THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

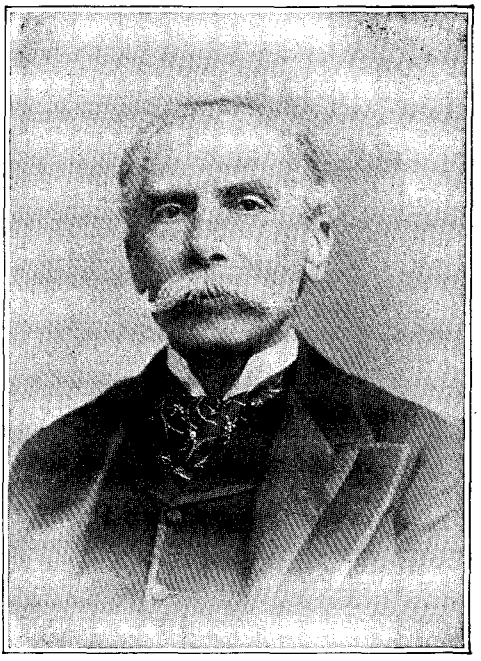
As predicted in the December number of THE BOOKMAN, Lord Salisbury has appointed Mr. Alfred Austin to be Tennyson's successor as Poet Laureate. It is hardly necessary to repeat what we have already said regarding this appointment. By it the historic office ceases to be what it has been for nearly a century—the literary headship of the Anglo-Saxon race, a splendid and imperial distinction. The Laureate is no more the great singer of whole nations; he is only a local British versifier with whose lines it is safe to say that not fifty thousand of his own countrymen are familiar. Doubtless Mr. Alfred Austin's muse will emit in a somewhat squeaky voice the necessary number of nerveless nothings whenever a royal personage is born, or betrothed, or buried; but this is all. Alfred the Great has given way to Alfred the Little. Let us draw a veil over the sight. It is too melancholy to contemplate or to write about.

❀

The new Poet Laureate may not be one of the most sublime of Bards, yet he evidently has a good share of common sense. We very heartily commend his first public act since his appointment, in refusing to lend his name to the hysterical yelp sent forth by a number of English authors in the shape of an appeal to their American fellows apropos of the Venezuelan affair. We understand that Mr. Hall Caine is responsible for the phrasing of this preposterous document, and we congratulate Mr. Austin on having had the sense to let it severely alone. All it meant was that the signers were afraid of losing the income which they derive from their American copyrights.

❀

It will be observed that in the Venezuelan correspondence Lord Salisbury uses the noun "United States" as a plural noun, while President Cleveland and Mr. Olney employ it with a verb in the singular. The English diplomat writes "the United States *are*;" the



ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE.

Americans say "the United States *is*." Some fifteen or twenty years ago, it used to be said that this was the linguistic and grammatical ear-mark of the Republican as contrasted with the Democratic party, the former in its platforms and other pronouncements regarding the United States as a grammatical as well as a political entity, and the latter viewing it as plural. But pretty nearly all Americans now use the word as a singular noun, and while this may be some-

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what difficult to the student of formal grammar, in the sphere of transcendental grammar it is wholly defensible and sound, for it is based upon a great and unassailable verity.

❀

Opinions naturally differ as to President Cleveland's action in writing his Venezuela message; but THE BOOKMAN can cordially commend him for one thing in connection with it, and that is that throughout the whole of it he carefully abstained from splitting a single infinitive. This shows that THE BOOKMAN'S remarks on his former bad example have struck home; and a reward has already come to him, for even the London *Spectator*, which, naturally, does not like the message, speaks of its language as characterised by "stateliness and force."

❀

Mr. Anthony Hope writes to THE BOOKMAN as follows:

SIR: I observe in your January issue (which you have been so kind as to send me) a statement that a firm named Messrs. Platt, Bruce and Company have published "a new volume of stories, by Anthony Hope, entitled *Frivolous Cupid*," and that the book has already had a considerable sale.

I beg leave to state in your columns that I know nothing about these stories, that I have never written any story or any volume of stories under the title of *Frivolous Cupid*, and that I am in no way responsible for this publication. The stories are very probably written by me. I have not seen the volume. But since I myself exercise a strict censorship with regard to the republication of my earlier essays, I do not desire that in America, where I have received such kind and generous encouragement, I should be held responsible for what may be, in my own judgment, entirely unworthy of republication.

In asking you to oblige me by publishing this letter, I may add that I shall be grateful to any other journals which will give it an increased publicity. I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

Anthony Hope.

LONDON, ENGLAND, January 2, 1896.

❀

So much has been written and printed about the Dunraven-Defender controversy that THE BOOKMAN must have its say. For our part, we think that in the later phases of the affair the Earl received extremely shabby treatment. Of course he ought to have made his protest at the time of the race and demanded an investigation of his grounds for suspicion then; but his failure to do so was only an error of judgment. As to the recent inquiry, no reasonable person supposed that Lord Dunraven could justify his suspicions by proof of mathematical or legal exactness; it would be enough if he could show that there were suspicious circumstances connected with the race; and this we think he has actually done. When he first stated in England that he thought ballast had been put aboard the *Defender* after the official measurement, what a howl of derision went up from the American yachtsmen! Yet it has now come out that this thing was actually done, and done in the night, too, in a furtive way. Of course it is explained that the ballast was only a part of the original ballast which had been temporarily removed in order to be cut into more convenient size; yet the act was surely enough to excite mistrust, and was, therefore, from every point of view deplorable. In these contests it is not enough to be absolutely free from unfairness; there should be nothing to give colour to the slightest word of suspicion.

❀

The proceedings of the New York Yacht Club in the recent investigation were also very far from commendable. The secrecy of the inquiry made a bad impression on disinterested persons. Then, although this was merely a private affair of gentlemen, the New York Club employed one of the ablest lawyers in the country, one famous as a cross-examiner, and set him upon Lord Dunraven as if hoping to confuse and entangle him in some minor inconsistencies. A sneak thief might do this in the hope of befogging a jury and discrediting an honest witness; but the gentlemen of the New York Yacht Club ought not to have done it, for it smacked of a guilty conscience.

❀

Particularly shameful was the treatment of the Earl by the American press, especially the press of New York City. Apart from offensive caricatures and stupid jokes, they chronicled the prog-

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ress of the investigation under such headings as, "Dunraven on the Rack," "Dunraven under Fire," and so forth. Lord Dunraven had come over here doubtless at a great deal of personal inconvenience. He made his statements, answered all the questions asked of him, and then, having important interests to look after at home, returned to England at the earliest possible date. Thereupon one of the greatest of the New York journals chronicled his departure under the heading, "Dunraven Steals Away." Now, as he engaged his passage and went aboard the steamer precisely as any other individual does, nothing less like "stealing away" could easier be imagined unless he had gone on board the *Umbria* preceded by a brass band and followed by a regimental drum-corps. Altogether, the whole episode is very discreditable to Americans; and we imagine that, in the future, American sportsmen and gentlemen will find it agreeable to say very little about it.

❀

John Oliver Hobbes has come and gone, leaving a trail of epigrams behind her. Most of these are characteristically spiced with malice, and one may serve as a specimen of all the rest. It is related that at the theatre one night some one pointed out to Mrs. Craigie a lady in the opposite box as being a well-known American novelist who, like Mrs. Craigie herself, writes over a masculine *nom de guerre*. Some details were added as to her intense and vivid nature. "Why," said the informant, "the other day some one asked her whether she had decided how she would prefer to die; and she answered that she had long ago made up her mind on that point. Said that she had decided to be kissed to death!"

Mrs. Craigie put up her lorgnette and took a long look at the lady.

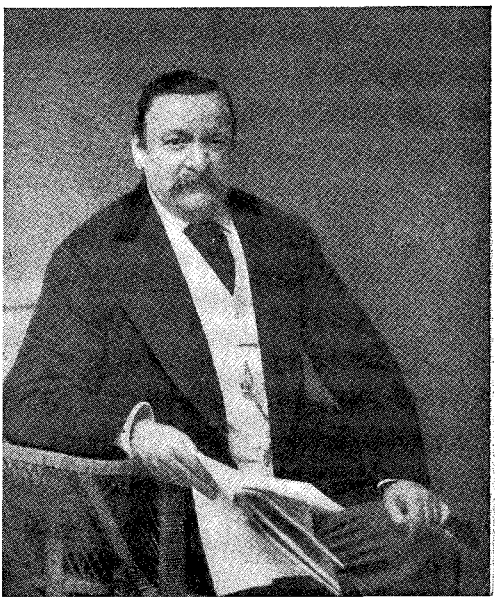
"Ah, I see," she said, after a short inspection; "she evidently intends to be immortal!"

Which was clever but hardly fair, as the lady in question is not at all bad-looking.

❀

Mr. Guy Boothby's *A Bid for Fortune*, published recently by the Messrs. Appleton, has been dramatised, and will, it is expected, be produced at a well-known London theatre almost immediately.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, who died after an illness of many weeks at Brighton, on December 8th, aged sixty-six, had outlived his reputation, or, rather, he had lived in a generation which did



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

not know him. The truth is, that his style had greatly deteriorated. Those who know his early work are aware that he was a man of real force. In the *Welcome Guest* and in *Temple Bar*, as well as in other periodicals, some of which have been long dead, will be found the strongest specimens of his work. Among the best and most trustworthy accounts of his early history is that supplied by Edmund Yates in his admirable volume of reminiscences.

❀

Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose new novel, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, has just been published, has been in the city during the last two months. Mr. Garland, who was born in 1860 in the State of Wisconsin, comes of sturdy Scotch Presbyterian stock, which perhaps accounts for his radical and argumentative turn of mind; undoubtedly he has inherited the dogged persistency and aggressiveness of his ancestry. His boyhood and youth were spent on his father's farms, and his knowledge of agricultural life in the West has been a

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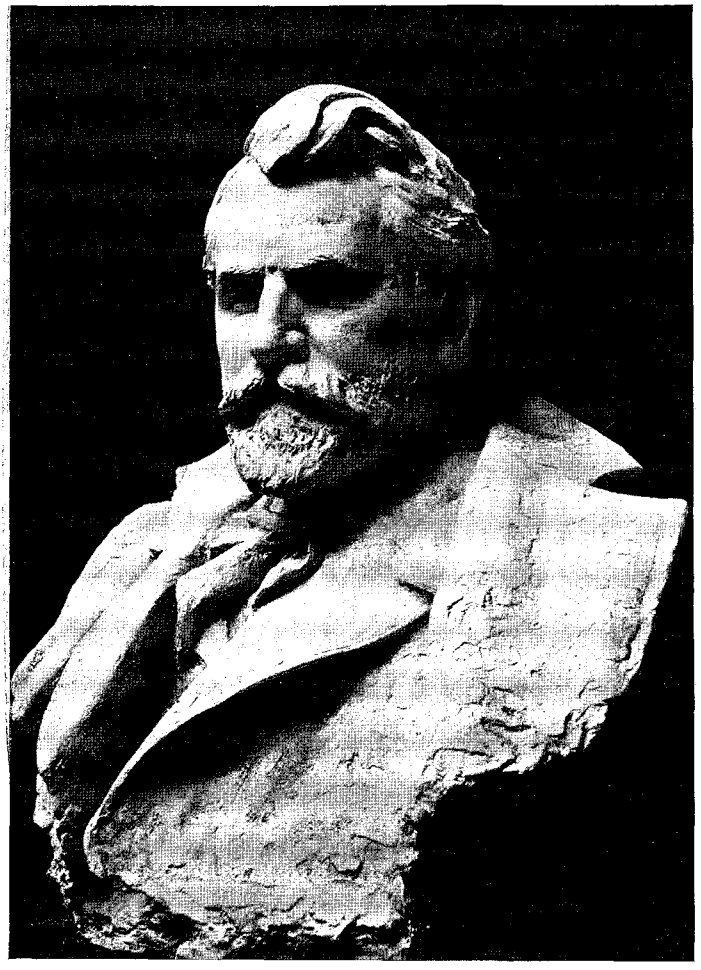

Very sincerely
Hamlin Garland

strong element in his books. He received his education from the country schools and a Western seminary, and spurred by the literary passion, he set out for Boston when he was free to do so, and entered on his career with admirable courage and ambition. In 1891 he published his first and best book, *Main-Travelled Roads*. *A Spoil of Office*, *A Member of the Third House*, and *Prairie Folks* followed during the next year; *A Little Norsk* and *Prairie Songs* appeared in 1893. *Crumbling Idols*—that literary monument of magnificent contempt and naïveté—was published in 1894.

❀

Some one should write a monograph on the inconsistency of authors in the names of their characters, due to forgetfulness. Thackeray, for instance, was a great blunderer in this respect, and in *Vanity Fair* his blundering is more conspicuous than in any of his other novels. Several of the important characters come out at the end of the book with Christian names quite different from those with which they started in the earlier chapters. What brings this to mind at the present time is a perusal of Mr. Hamlin Garland's new novel, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, which is reviewed on another page. In the ninth chapter of this book, Dr. Thatcher is several times addressed by his sprightly niece as "Uncle Joe" (p. 97); but a little later he is unconsciously (on the author's part) transformed into "Uncle Ed" (p. 104), and his wife addresses him as "Edward" (p. 103).

❀

Mr. Quiller-Couch, whose *Ia* and *Wandering Heath* are reviewed on another page, hopes to finish his long-promised serious story by the end of May. We welcome "Q" back to the field of fiction again, where undoubtedly his best work lies.

❀

The Messrs. Stokes will shortly issue Mrs. Andrew Dean's (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick) new story, *A Woman with a Future*, at present being published serially in the *Illustrated London News*. We were most favourably impressed with Mrs. Dean's clever story, *The Grasshoppers*,

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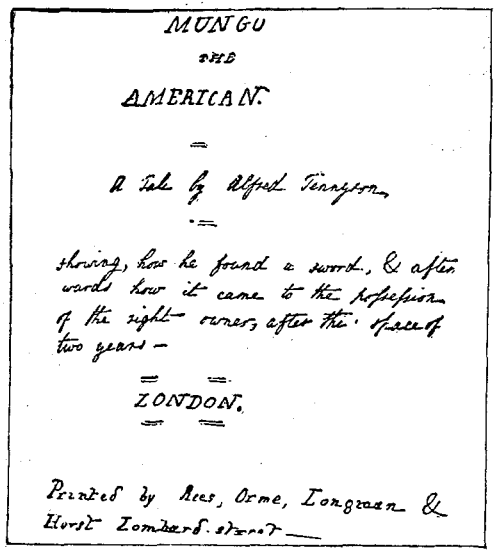


MUNGO
THE
AMERICAN.

A Tale by Alfred Tennyson

shewing, how he found a sword, & after wards how it came to the possession of the right owner, after the space of two years —

LONDON.

Printed by Rees, Orme, Longman & Hurst Tombard street

published last spring, and which was reviewed in our July number.

❀

Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the eminent English collector, has secured a little manuscript story entitled *Mungo the American*, written by Alfred Lord Tennyson when he was fourteen years of age. It is to be incorporated in the biography of the late Poet Laureate. Through the enterprise of Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the able editor of the *Illustrated London News*, we are able to give fac-similes of the title-page and first page of this interesting juvenile work.

❀

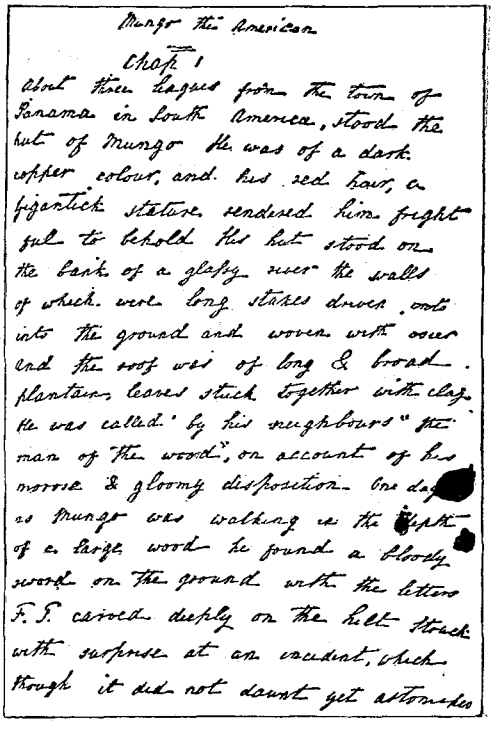
The remaining manuscripts of Charlotte Brontë in the possession of her husband and others have now been purchased for publication. They are far more numerous and important than it had been imagined, and will make a substantial and valuable addition to the body of her work, alike in prose and poetry, a very large number of hitherto unknown letters having also been recovered. A biographical volume will be published entirely made up of fresh matter, and repeating nothing that has already appeared in Mrs. Gaskell's biography.

❀

In the memoir of Lady Eastlake, recently published in London by Mr. Murray, it is admitted that she wrote the famous or infamous review of *Jane Eyre* in the *Quarterly Review*. Credit is given to THE BOOKMAN for first unearthing this fact. A letter from Lockhart to Lady Eastlake is published which shows that, as might have been expected, he was in full sympathy with his contributor. No confirmation, however, is given to the theory that Lockhart was himself part author of the review, and that the more unpardonable phrases came from him. We have always distrusted this theory, even as advocated by such authorities as Mr. Lang and Dr. Wright. There is not a shadow of reason to suppose that Lady Eastlake either had or needed any assistance, and much in her biography shows that such writing came to her naturally.

❀

Not many months ago THE BOOKMAN stated that Paul Verlaine's literary career was practically at an end. The news of his recent death is a melancholy confirmation of our opinion. Born in 1841, and long famous in France, it is only lately that England and America became familiar with his name, thanks to the very able advocacy by Mr. George Moore of his claims to recognition. He was a strange and striking figure, more mediæval than modern, and was often appropriately compared with François



Mungo the American

Chap. 1

about three leagues from the town of Panama in South America, stood the hut of Mungo he was of a dark copper colour, and had red hair, a gigantick stature rendered him frightful to behold the hut stood on the bank of a glassy river the walls of which were long stakes driven into the ground and woven with osier and the roof was of long & broad plantain leaves stuck together with clay. He was called by his neighbours "the man of the wood", on account of his morose & gloomy disposition. One day as Mungo was walking in the night of a large wood he found a bloody sword on the ground with the letters F. F. carved deeply on the hilt struck with surprise at an accident, which though it did not daunt yet astonished

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PAUL VERLAINE AT HOME. (BY VANIER.)

Villon. In his mode of life the comparison was true; but Verlaine was far the greater poet. Living like a beast in the foulest haunts, this man, with the head of a philosopher and the face of a satyr, hideous with disease, defiant of all the laws of life, revelling in obscenities and the grossest imaginings, did nevertheless produce some of the purest and most spiritual poems that the world has ever seen, written in lines of such strange haunting harmonies as the French language never before knew. He was a wonderful being, half criminal and half angel, and the world will soon forget the part of his life and work that were of the earth, and remember only what was worthy of its admiration.

❀

Verlaine was a friend of that other poet, Arthur Rimbaud, who wrote when only fifteen years of age a number of exquisitely beautiful verses. Soon after he fell under the influence of Verlaine, and was led by him into a life of debauchery. One night in Brussels, while both of them were enraged by drink, they quarreled, and Verlaine stabbed his companion. For this he was imprisoned for two years at Mons. Rimbaud recovered and repented of the life he had been leading, and by way of expiation immured himself in a monastery on the shores of the Red Sea. He has never written a line of verse since then.

❀

Verlaine knew English well, and once wished to get permission to translate the poems of Tennyson into French. Mr. Moore saw the Macmillans about it, but at that time Verlaine was unknown in England, and so no answer was ever given to the request. That the permission was not granted was an irreparable loss to English as well as to French literature.

❀

When Miss Harraden passed through Chicago eastward bound about three months ago, she was the guest of a luncheon which Mr. Eugene Field gave in her honour. On her return she was much touched on learning that it was his last function in behalf of any one, and she has written the following letter to the editors of THE BOOKMAN, which we take great pleasure in printing:

DEAR SIRS: In connection with the recent death of Mr. Eugene Field, it may, I think, interest your readers to know that I was the last English guest to whom he showed his genial hospitality. Scarcely three weeks after the luncheon which he gave to welcome me to Chicago, I saw from a London newspaper that he had passed away from us; and on my return to the West I heard the sad account from his friends, and learned something more about his life and his difficulties and his many bright gifts, and read some of his unpublished verse, smiling in spite of myself over his fun and ready wit.

He was a stranger to me personally, and I only saw him on that one occasion when he welcomed me so kindly; but I cannot resist writing these few lines in the hope that some of his many warm friends may chance to read them, and may learn how glad I was to have seen him, and how sorry I am that they have lost him.

Yours very truly,
BEATRICE HARRADEN.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

❀

In the December number of THE BOOKMAN we inadvertently omitted to credit the photograph of Joseph Jefferson as "Rip Van Winkle" to Falk, by whose permission it was printed.

❀

We are made conscious daily that young men are seeking more and more an entrance into journalism. It may be a truism, and yet it seems necessary, when confronted by so much ignorance and misconception on the part of those who are convinced that, failing all else, any one can "write for the papers," making a lucrative living on easy terms amid agreeable circumstances, to say that the sole guiding principle which controls admission to the Press or advance in its ranks is merit. In journalism, more than in any other profession, a man gets on by his own effort, and only by that. There is no royal road to advancement in the Press; the highest talent, and, failing that, the most sedulously nurtured skill and cul-

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ture, are the only passports to promotion, and for these, proprietors and editors of newspapers will pay almost anything; and they ask no other qualification, neither blood relationship, social distinction, not even academic training.

❀

To such as would become journalists, we would advise the study of a book published a few years ago in England—a book that, by its faithful portrayal of the life of a journalist who aspired to the height of his profession and attained it, is worth far more than any amount of theoretical discussion of the question. It is a book that we have read and reread with increased interest and instruction—namely, the *Life of James Macdonell, Journalist.* Among his *confrères* Macdonell was known as one of the ablest and most brilliant of modern journalists, and his untimely death was a cause of keen regret to those who mourned him. In the simple annals of his life, the aspirant, who imagines the successful journalist's life is all beer and skittles, will discover what patient study, what self-denial, what strenuous effort, and, more essential than all, what rare natural gifts are needed to achieve the position into which Macdonell toiled.

❀

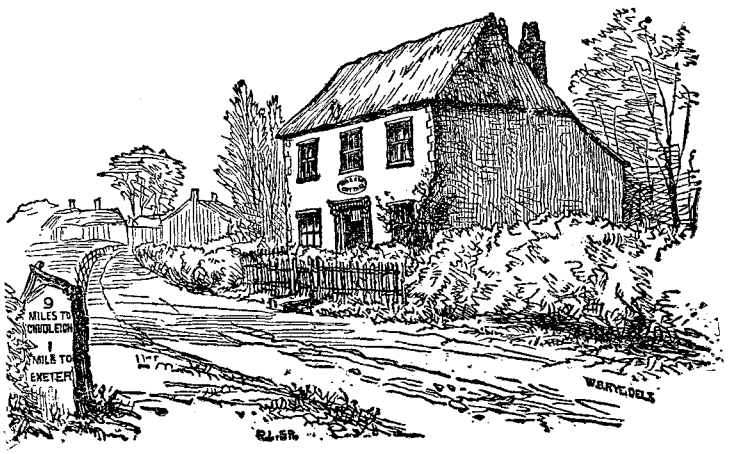
It is, we believe, not generally known that Charles Dickens's father became in his last desolate days a writer for the Press. When Dickens was made editor of the *Daily News*, he thoughtfully provided for his father by installing him as leader of the Parliamentary corps of that journal. He, of course, knew nothing of journalism, was not even capable of writing shorthand. Providentially he was not required to take notes, but generally to overlook things—a post which exactly suited Mr Micawber; for it is well known that Dickens's father stood as the lay figure of David Copperfield's incomparable friend. Only a few years ago there died an original member of the *Daily News* Parliamentary corps who had a distinct remembrance of his first respected leader, his grandly vague conception of his duties, and his almost ducal manner of not performing them.

❀

We confess to a great interest in the fortunes of Dickens's father—Mr. Micawber. In the height of his prosperity it seems that his salary in the Navy-Pay office was as much as £350 a year. When Charles Dickens was born it was £200. It was in Gower Street, London, that Mrs. Micawber covered her street door with a brass plate, on which was engraved, "Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies." Mr. Micawber is described as "a well-built man, rather stout, of very active habits, a little pompous, and very proud (as well he might be) of his talented son. He dressed well, and wore a goodly bunch of seals suspended across his waistcoat from his watch chain."

❀

There is an incident connected with the accompanying illustration of Mr. Micawber's cottage in Devonshire which is characteristic of him. Readers of Forster's *Life of Dickens* will recall how Dickens tried to settle his troublesome pater in Devonshire, and how enthusiastically he gloried in his acquisition. But Mr. Micawber did not see it, and returned to London. The place is described by Mrs. Nickleby, who hailed from Devonshire, in *Nicholas Nickleby* (Part II., Chapter XXIII.). "I don't think," wrote Dickens, "I ever saw so cheerful or pleasant a spot." That unreasonable Micawber!



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Yours very truly,
Robert Browning.

The original of "Paul Dombey," by the way, was the little deformed child of Fanny Dickens and her husband. The child died not long after his mother's death.

❀

Mr. George Gissing thinks that the very important novel upon which he is now engaged will occupy him during the whole of this year. So entirely absorbed is he in this work that he is very reluctant to take any contracts for short stories just now, and is declining proposals of the kind very freely.

❀

An esteemed reader in the South writes us regarding our review of *Jude the Obscure* in the last BOOKMAN—"your astonishing review," she calls it—and asks the question, "Can a man be high-mindedly human in *Tess* and vilely-minded in *Jude?*" We should say not. Our theory of Mr. Hardy's work is that it has for some time been exhibiting signs of increasing decadence; that while *Tess* was powerful as a story, it showed all the symptoms of moral perversion; while *Jude* makes it evident that the process of degeneracy has reached the point of rottenness. In other words, our correspondent, in assuming that the spirit shown in *Tess* is "high-mindedly human," is taking too much for granted, and simply begging the whole question at issue. But it is refreshing to get letters such as hers, and we wish her a Happy New Year all the same.

❀

Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the hunter, naturalist, and traveller, whose book of travel, *Two Years in the Jungle*, achieved instant success and popularity upon its publication some ten years ago, is to publish a novel of character and adventure through the Messrs. Peter Paul Book Company about the middle of February. The story has been appearing in the pages of *The Illustrated Buffalo Express*, and it seems that in its serial form it has created quite a sensation. This is the more remarkable when we remember that stories by the foremost writers of the day have been printed in the same paper. *The Man Who Became a Savage*, the author says, "practically wrote itself."

❀

We desire to call attention to a new work by the author of *The Way They Loved at Grimpat*, just published by Messrs. James Pott and Company. Mrs. Rentoul Esler has been often called the Mary Wilkins of England; and though there are great differences between the two writers, there is enough similarity to justify the name. The curious blending of refinement and strength is the most remarkable characteristic of her books, and *'Mid Green Pastures* is quite

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equal to any of its predecessors. The book is beautifully printed and daintily bound.

❀

Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., is writing his recollections, and he will have the volume ready in the spring. Mr. Storey has worked in nearly every quarter of Europe, and his amazing fund of anecdote should help him to produce a really interesting book.

❀

The early portraits of Tennyson and Browning, which we present to our readers, were especially engraved for THE BOOKMAN by Samuel Lawrence and J. C. Armytage respectively. An excellent handbook on the late Poet Laureate, entitled *A Tennyson Primer*, has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and on another page there will be found a notice of the complete one-volume (Cambridge) edition of Robert Browning's works recently issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and now in its third edition.

Ever yours
A. Tennyson

❀

A birthday-book compiled from the writings of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been in preparation for some time, and will probably be issued towards the end of the year. We believe that Mr. Kipling's *Second Jungle Book* has sold more rapidly than any book previously published by him.

❀

Few persons are probably aware that in one of his finest ballads, "The Conundrum of the Workshops," Mr. Kipling puts the building of the Tower of Babel before the Deluge. We submit this to Mr. Kipling's attention, and suggest that if he will instruct the printer to transpose the third and fourth verses in the next edition this unpardonable biblical anachronism will disappear.

❀

We trust our best hopes for Anthony Hope's future are to be realised in the reassuring news that reaches us that he is now anxious to abandon the writing of short stories, and to confine himself entirely to the production of larger books.

❀

When George Macdonald finished his latest book, *Lilith*, he fully expected that it would be his last work. He has now returned to his home in Bordighera, and is conscious of an access of vigour. In consequence he has begun to write a new story.

❀

The Strand Magazine, at the popular price of ten cents, has made a considerable advance in its American circulation during the last few months. This magazine, which has hitherto eschewed serials, attempts a new departure in publishing as its first serial Dr. Conan Doyle's new novel, entitled *Rodney Stone*, which will continue through most of the year. Dr. Doyle's new story is a picture of English life, mainly of the period of George III., and is said to be full of graphic passages, among the best bits being a description of a prize fight. It will be interesting to compare the latter with the famous pugilistic scenes in *The Amazing Marriage*.

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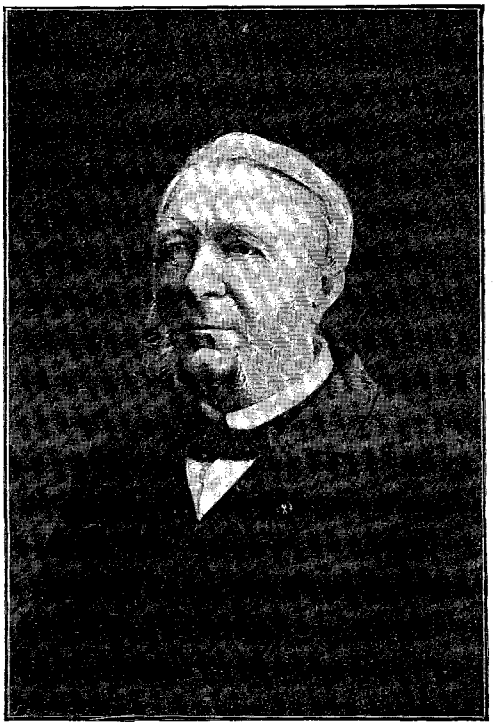
We give herewith a portrait of M. Gaston Boissier, who succeeds the late M. Houssaye as *Secrétaire Perpetuel* of the French Academy. M. Boissier is a



M. GASTON BOISSIER.

most unusual type of scholar, extremely learned, yet possessed of great literary gifts. His work on Cicero and his friends sold like a popular novel; and his latest book, *L'Afrique Romaine*, is a rare combination of archæological and historical knowledge with a style of singular charm.

❀

Ian Maclaren's next new work will be a book on practical religion entitled *The Mind of the Master*. This is expected to appear about the middle of February.

❀

One of the finest appreciations of the work of James Lane Allen which we have yet seen appeared in *Harper's Weekly* of December 21st. It seems that a strong colouring of local truth characterises nearly all his work. Among other interesting facts we learn that "a dim, unnoticed tablet on the walls of an old Kentucky church told nothing to the present generation but the death of the Rev. James Moore until 'Flute and Violin' touched the vanishing halo of a hard and saintly life;" also that "the whole tissue of *Aftermath*, his latest story, is shot through with historic threads, with which are interwoven the love and knowledge of nature that make the great charm of *A Kentucky Cardinal*. The irresistible reference to the reign of the Kentucky poetess under the regency of Mr. Prentice may be verified by the dusty files of the sacred *Journal*. The several light but telling touches upon the sensitive subject of 'justifiable' homicide may also be verified, should any one doubt, by the dockets of Kentucky's courts. And close by will be found the record of Miss Delia Webster's sudden departure from Kentucky to her home in Vermont, and the longer stay at the State capital of her principal, the Rev. Mr. Fairbanks. It is pleasanter to know that the two greatest Kentuckians, Lincoln and Clay, once really walked together under the trees at Ashland just as the story is told in *Aftermath*; and pleasantest of all is the true account of the challenge accepted by Mr. Lincoln to the duel that was not fought because he chose a monstrous broadsword that his own arm alone could wield, so compelling the challenger to keep an inglorious peace.

❀

"But while thus rooted in Kentucky life and history," continues this writer, "these stories are sent upward through some subtle power inherent in the author that lifts them above the commonplace, though never above the truth. It is this trait—which, for lack of a better name, may be called the quality of transfiguration—that gives Mr. Allen's essentially realistic work its inseparably poetic aspect. And it is the two together, this transfiguring touch and this strict adherence to underlying reality, that make his stories unlike those of any other writer."

❀

No one may ask now "Who is Stephen Crane, and what has he done?" Has he not written *The Black Riders* and *The Red Badge of Courage*, and been dined by the Philistines? Mr. Stephen Crane is the first guest to be introduced to the Society of the Philistines, and the dinner given by them in his honour at Buffalo, on Decemer 19th, was no myth, but a

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very hilarious affair, at which he made a speech, a regular Black Rider poem that scintillated with flashes of wit, to the merriment of all. "Since he had recovered from College," he had thrown off the sophomoric yoke, and was doing what he could to give to the world the best that he had. "I write what is in me," said he, "and it will be enough to follow with obedience the promptings of that inspiration, if it be worthy of so dignified a name." In introducing the guest of honour, Mr. Elbert Hubbard spoke of the "strong voice now heard in America, the voice of Stephen Crane." The Philistines had had a hard time from the beginning, when driven out of their country by a tribe of invaders who had been slaves in Egypt, and had "the pull with the publishers!" Mr. Harry P. Taber, the editor of the "periodical of protest," presided gracefully as toast-master.

❀

Many regretted that they could not assist at the "Hanging of the Crane." Maurice Thompson would have been given "great pleasure to sit over against Stephen Crane at an eating bout." Miss Louise Imogen Guiney was

"Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Herself in bonds (not) under Philistine yoke."

Others doted on Stephen Crane, though they didn't "understand his poetry any more than they understood the inscription on the monolith in Central Park." In a happy spirit of parody, Mr. Hayden Carruth wrote to the Society:

"I saw a man reading an invitation.
Anon he chortled like a bull-frog—
Like a billy-be-dasted bull-frog.
It was a dinner invitation,
Which accounted for the chortle.
'They will have Grub,' quoth the
Man.
'Better yet, Grape Juice; I will go!'
The red chortle died on his white lips.
His ashy hand shot into his black
Pocket.
A gray wail burst from his parched,
Brown throat
Like the scarlet yowl of a yellow
Tom Cat—
The Man didn't have the price!
Which accounted for the wail.
I left him cursing the Railroad
Company, with great, jagged,
Crimson curses."

❀

It is gratifying to record the immense success which Mr. Crane's new novel, *The Red Badge of Courage*, is having in England. Since our last issue, in which we stated that Mr. Heinemann had launched Mr. Crane's book with enthu-

FAC-SIMILE OF COVER DESIGN ON THE CRANE DINNER MENU.

siasm on the English market, we have had successive reports of its warm reception, and the critics seem vying with one another in singing its praises until we understand that Mr. Crane bids fair to be the author of the hour in London. *The New Review*, of which Mr. W. E. Henley is the editor, has a criticism of Mr. Crane's work written by Mr. George Wyndham in its January number, and the same magazine promises to publish a new story of a warlike character by Mr. Crane in February.

❀

Why is it, we might ask again, that in America critics are less sure and readers slower to discover a good book in spite of the genius in it? Except for a review of his *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, in *The Arena*, printed a few years ago, in

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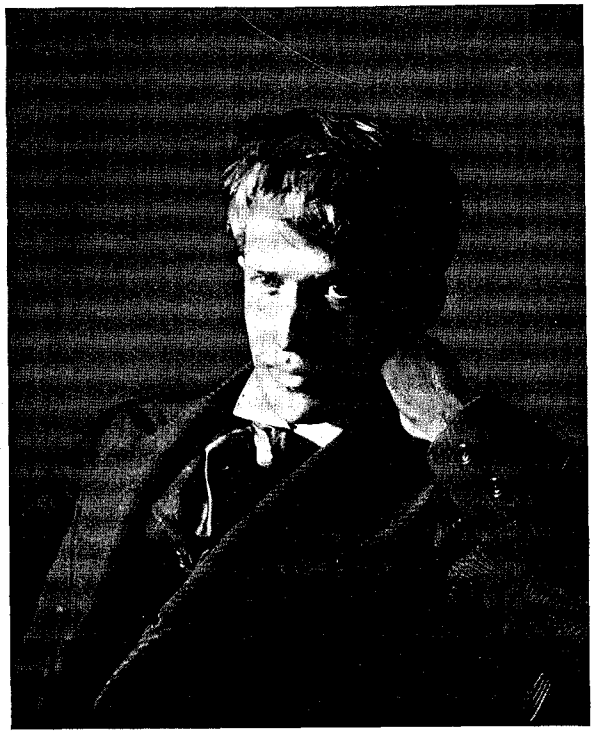

STEPHEN CRANE.

which Mr. Hamlin Garland solitarily hailed the author as one to be reckoned with, THE BOOKMAN was the first, if we are not mistaken, to call attention to Mr. Stephen Crane and his work. This was done in an article which was widely copied throughout the States, printed in the May number of THE BOOKMAN, on the appearance of *The Black Riders, and Other Lines*. Yet he has not received the recognition in his own country which his recent novel at least should evoke—whatever dissentient voices may say about his "Lines"—and which they across the sea have been so quick to award him. The book has its defects—what book by a youth of twenty-four could be without them?—but let us be generous to the genius that has been applied to an experience common to every novice in war so as to make it glow and tingle with a tremendous force of reality. The narrative is stamped with truth. The youth's mind as well as the field of active service in which he is a recruit is a battleground. The dark, fearful, and inglorious moments leading up to his acquittal in the end mark the genuine development of the untried civilian into the capable and daring soldier. Exactly what military courage means for the average man you will learn here. Here also are pictures of war that are masterly. The book is marked throughout by the quiet power that war had proved the hero of it to possess.

❀

In the *Life and Letters of George Eliot*, under date December 30th, 1855, appears this entry in her Journal: "Read *The Shaving of Shagpat* (George Meredith's)," and on the day following another entry: "Wrote a review of *Shagpat*." In a letter dated January 18th, 1856, she writes to a friend: "If you want some idle reading, get *The Shaving of Shagpat*, which I think you will say deserves all the praise I gave it." Not until the following autumn did George Eliot write her first story in *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Previous to this the author of *The Amazing Marriage* had sought literary expression in poetic form, and had been a close associate in his youth of the Rossettis and their friends. In all likelihood George Eliot became acquainted with Meredith's work through Lewes, to whose paper, *The Leader*, George Meredith had contributed a metrical tribute to Alexander Smith, saluting the latter's sonnet on "Fame" as the "mighty warning of a poet's birth." Mr. Meredith is a man of sixty seven years of age, and has lived for the most part in solitary retirement with his daughter near Box Hill, contiguous to London. He was partly educated in Germany, which fact perhaps gave colour to his after work; he was trained for the law, but preferred to become a poet, in which capacity he made his entrance into literature.

❀

Mr. Meredith's work in poetry is published in this country by Messrs. Roberts Brothers in the following volumes: *Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life, A Reading of Earth, Modern Love*, and *The Empty Purse, and Other Poems*, which latter contains that fantastic poem, "Jump-to-

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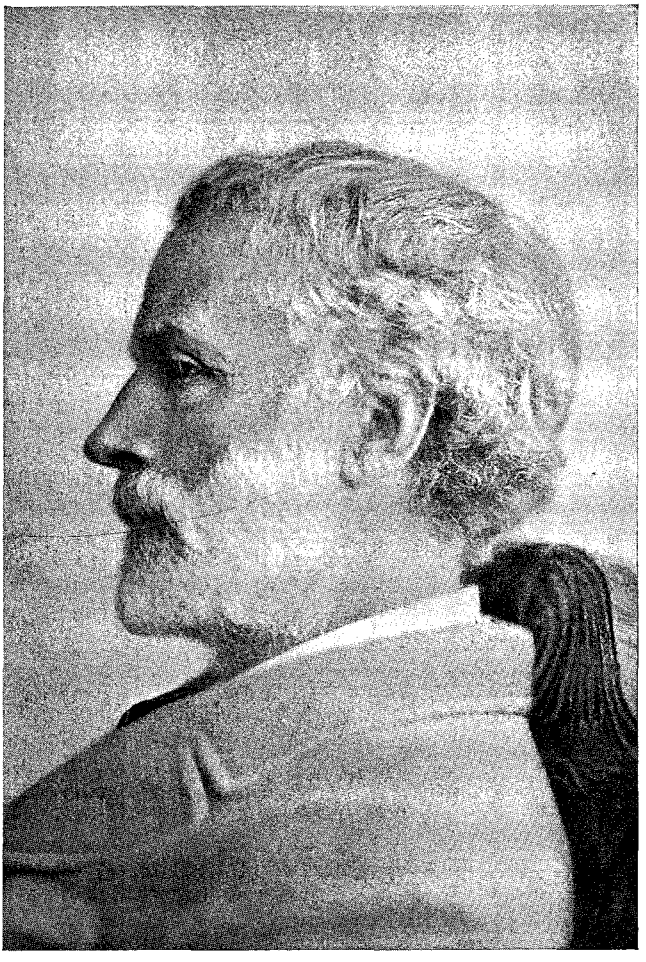
Glory-Jane." All Mr. Meredith's novels are published in a uniform edition by the same firm, with the exception of *Lord Ormont and his Aminta* and his latest novel, *The Amazing Marriage*, which are published by the Messrs. Scribner; also his early stories recently reissued by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden, under the title of *A Tale of Chloë*. Through the courtesy of this firm we are able to give the accompanying portrait of Mr. Meredith which is taken from a recent photograph.



George Meredith

❀

Mr. Andrew Lang once put Mr. Meredith's limited literary appreciation in a few neat sentences. "Mr. Meredith," he said, "may err in a wilful obscurity, in a too eager search for points and epigrams, in the leaps and bounds of too agile a wit, and these things have harmed, and will harm, his popularity. But, like the crudeness of Mr. Browning, they only endear him more to an inner circle of admirers. The fairies of literature gave him all good gifts, but added a Celtic wilfulness. We do not read him to pass away the hour, as many read Mr. Besant, always a skilled, occasionally a humorous story-teller, or as more read Miss Braddon, or wander by the streamside and kill grilse with Mr. William Black."

❀

In *Life* of December 5th appeared an amusing article entitled "The Tribulations of an Author," setting forth, side by side, such adverse and favourable notices of a certain novel as fairly bewilder the reader, and make one despair of anything like true criticism based on essential truth in many of our newspapers and journals. The initials "P. L. F." thinly disguise Mr. Paul Leicester Ford as the author of the article. About two years ago Mr. Ford wrote a novel, *The Honourable Peter Stirling*. "Then I subscribed shekels," he says, "to a press agency for all reviews of the book which should appear. 'I don't expect many favourable notices,' I lied to myself, 'but at least I shall learn my faults and failings.'" The extracts, taken from actual notices, whether for praise or for blame—and they are equally doled out—are of the most wearisome, stereotyped kind, and appear as if they had been appropriated from the advertisements of other books and tagged onto this one. Well may Mr. Ford be in despair to know

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"which half of the critics read my book, and which half didn't."

❀

One result of this article was the gain of a new if rather belated reader of Mr. Ford's clever novel. The book has been talked about a good deal of late, and we have noticed that it has figured on several occasions among the best six selling books during the year, so that curiosity was already aroused, and needed but this spur to make us take up the book and taste for ourselves. We do not intend to add to Mr. Ford's bewilderment, but we can assure him that we read the pages of his book thoroughly and appreciatively. It is a good American novel, as good in its way and as powerful in its study of human nature under certain conditions as, let us say, Anthony Hope's *Half a Hero*. We could certainly never read so capital a story as *The Honourable Peter Stirling* without looking forward with expectancy and interest to the author's next novel.

❀

Our Boston correspondent recently called on the author of *An Experiment in Altruism*, which is now in its third edition, and learned some interesting facts about the writer and her work. Miss Margaret Pollock Sherwood does not pose as an author, but speaks of herself as having followed the conventional path of the student and teacher. Graduating from Vassar in 1886, she spent the next two years abroad in travel and study at Oxford and Zürich. On her return she became an English instructor in Wellesley College, which position she still holds. Miss Sherwood belongs to a brilliant family. She has a sister in Baltimore who is a successful doctor, and a brother who is Professor of Political Economy at the Johns Hopkins University, in the same city.

❀

Miss Sherwood says of *An Experiment in Altruism* that she intended it in no way as a satire. In fact, the sociological part of the sketch was simply meant to serve as a background to throw into relief the character for whose sake solely the little book was written. She named the story *The Lad;* and the change of title urged by the publishers has, she imagines, led some of her readers to mistake her purpose. Miss Sherwood declines to speak of further authorship, but none the less do we feel that she has the gift of literary expression and that she has something in store yet which may be accounted literature. Her first book, meanwhile, is a striking example of the great deal of life that goes to make a little art.

❀

We learn from a correspondent in the South that our surmise concerning the identity of "Swin," the artist of *The Little Boy Who Lived on the Hill*—one of the most original four-to-six-year-old juveniles published this season—with Gelett Burgess, of *The Lark*, is incorrect. These clever illustrations, we are informed, are the work of Mr. Swinnerton, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, who is primarily a caricaturist of considerable talent. Several of the clever designs which have adorned the covers of *The Lark* were drawn by Mr. Ernest Peixotto. The much-coveted poster of a piping faun which was issued with *The Lark* last May was drawn by Mr. Bruce Porter, an artist in San Francisco.

❀

The new international magazine *Cosmopolis*, published by Fisher Unwin, in London, will contain Robert Louis Stevenson's last story, *Weir of Hermiston*, during the first four months of its issue. This story has been pronounced by many besides Mrs. Stevenson the best that he ever wrote. Stevenson's other post-humous novel, *Saint Ives*, which will begin to appear in *McClure's*, probably before the end of the year, is considered the better serial. The first instalment of Anthony Hope's new story, entitled *Phroso* (not *Phrozo*), which, as we have already stated in THE BOOKMAN, is the best serial that has been written for some years, will appear in *McClure's* in April.

❀

Of the many portraits of Stevenson, the one most liked by his mother was painted by John S. Sargent, at Bournemouth, England, in 1885. It was ordered by Stevenson's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fairchilds, of Boston, and is now in their private gallery. It has never been reproduced. It shows Stevenson sitting, with legs crossed, in a large wicker arm-chair. In the hand of his uplifted right arm a cigarette is held as only he could hold one. The left hand rests on the crossed leg, and on the index finger appears the large silver ring he used to wear. While the first impression is one of vagueness, the portrait grows upon you as you study it,

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and the fine eyes, the beautiful brow, and the long, sensitve face stand out with a convincing impression of the spiritual force and tenderness that burned and animated the frail frame.

❀

It may not be generally known that certain of Stevenson's friends stood as originals for some of his characters in *The Wrecker*. For example, "Jim Pinkerton" is believed to be no other than Mr. S. S. McClure, who syndicated the South Sea letters, and also placed several of his shorter novels. "Loudon Dodd," in the same novel, is a free portrait of Mr. Will H. Low, the painter, one of Stevenson's dearest friends, with whom he had lived much of the life treated in the chapters describing the old student days in Paris. In one of the Stevenson family scrap-books there is a photograph of Tin Jack, a rather pleasant-looking young man, seated under a flowing palm-tree, who was a welcome visitor at Vailima, and who we understand was the original of "Tom Haddon." There is also in the same scrap-book a photograph of Tom Day, a fine, stalwart seaman—the very ideal of Nares—of whom Stevenson wrote: "The part that is generally good is Nares, the American sailor. That is a genuine figure. Had there been more Nares, it would have been a better book."

❀

It is a byword that the height of a pressman's ambition is to write a play; indeed, Mr. Townsend remarked to us a few months ago, when Mr. Hopper suggested his dramatising *Chimmie Fadden*, that he was almost alone among his *confrères* in believing that he could not write one. Nevertheless, as we stated then in the August-September BOOKMAN, we were sanguine of an exceptional success in his case, and with the assistance, we understand, of Mr. Augustus Thomas, Mr. Townsend has constructed a stage piece from his famous sketches of *Chimmie* which has evidently all the popular elements of "go" in it. The play is a good one in itself, but its realisation of scenes and characters owes much to the book. Mr. Charles H. Hopper, in his rôle of light comedian, is admirably suited to the part of "Chimmie," and he is well supported by the other characters, who for the most part are taken from the sketches, and show a close study of their prototypes. An excellent comic feature is introduced in the person of Mrs. Murphy (Miss Marie Bates), a highly amusing old Irish woman. The favourite, however, would seem to be Mr. Paul, who, it will be remembered, has a fondness for "small bots." The invasion of the Bowery element on the boards beyond the barbed-wire fence is something of a novelty; to be sure, there is more light comedy in the play and less of the melodramatic than usually go with the presentation of Bowery life on the stage; still it is to be viewed as yet in the light of an experiment.

MR. CHARLES H. HOPPER AS "CHIMMIE FADDEN."
From a photograph by Moreno.

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MARCEL PRÉVOST.

Among the younger generation of contemporary French writers of fiction, Marcel Prévost is one of the most successful and interesting, although he is, perhaps, the least known by the reading public, particularly outside of his own country. This seeming paradox is explained by the fact that M. Prévost is entirely a "new" man, and that, with

MARCEL PRÉVOST.

one exception, his books have not been translated.

I have not been able to gather any biographical data concerning this author. The latest (1892) edition of Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains* does not mention him, although this work is supposed to, and, as a rule, does contain a biographical notice of every public man in France. It would seem, therefore, that previous to 1892 M. Prévost had not attracted any attention as a writer. I have heard vaguely that he was educated to be an engineer, but preferred the pursuit of letters, and made his literary *début* in the columns of a Paris newspaper.

His earlier books, *Le Scorpion* and *Chonchette*, had no marked success, although both volumes ran through several editions. It was his third novel, *Mlle. Jaufre* (1890), that first entitled him to be ranked among the makers of good literature, and first acquainted the public and the critics with his name.

Mlle. Jaufre is the only daughter of a physician—a widower—who has endeavoured to bring up his child on the same scientific principles with which he treats his patients. Theoretically, his plan is sublime; practically, it is a failure. The girl follows only her own instincts, succumbs to the first blackguard who crosses her path, and is deserted by him when she is about to become a mother. She conceals her disgrace, and when asked in marriage by an honourable man accepts his hand, but her conscience prompts her afterwards to reveal her secret. The man casts her off, but ultimately returns to her, after she has passed through a long martyrdom. This work is mentioned by Jules Lemaître in the fifth series of his *Impressions Littéraires*. After stating and deploring the fact that there is to be found in contemporary literature so little that is new, the critic says: "This book, however, impressed me as striking an entirely new note. I may even say that I do not know of any period in our literature when so young an author has displayed in his writing so much seriousness of thought, intelligence, and wisdom, such keen powers of observation, such an intimate knowledge of life and men. His style," adds the critic, "is facile and graceful. His vocabulary is rich, even luxurious." In many respects M. Lemaître thinks Prévost's style resembles that of George Sand.

This opinion, emanating from a critic of M. Lemaître's standing, is very high praise. It gives to M. Prévost the dignified position of a writer of recognised talent, and completely refutes the impression that he belongs to the erotic and sensational school—an impression which many persons who have read only his *Demi-Vierges* have heretofore had.

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The best book that Marcel Prévost has yet written is unquestionably *La Confession d'un Amant* (Lemerre, 1891). It has not had with the public the remarkable success that attended the publication of *Lettres des Femmes*, but large sales are not always a guarantee of a book's intrinsic worth. Ferdinand Brunetière, who in the French literary world holds a position analogous to that occupied in England by Andrew Lang, discusses *La Confession d'un Amant* at considerable length in his *Essais sur la Littérature Contemporaine*. He writes: "No one will regret reading this book, and M. Marcel Prévost must take care that his next novel does not fall below *La Confession d'un Amant* in literary quality."

In this story, which promises to become a classic, and on which rest his chances to enter the Academy, Marcel Prévost shows himself to be an exponent of the highest form of romanticism. In fact, Prévost asserted his championship of romanticism in an article he recently wrote for the Paris *Figaro* under the caption, "Le Roman Romanesque Moderne." In this article he maintains that the romanticist will be the favourite novelist of the future. "The reader of the future," he says, "will demand of the novelist a more intimate acquaintance with his (the reader's) ideals and aspirations, and will insist upon a literature less disdainful of reflecting them. Romance and the ideal are the very life-blood of the human soul and conscience; they are part of humanity, its passions, its emotions, and its boundless hopes."

Prévost also excels as a psychological writer. He takes delight in elaborate analyses of the human soul and passions, his work in this direction bearing comparison with the best passages from Paul Bourget. *La Confession d'un Amant*, indeed, combines the delicate picturesqueness of George Sand's *Indiana* with the keen, scalpel-like mental analysis of Bourget's *Mensonges*. There is not a commonplace note throughout the story, a better title for which might have been *The Confession of a Sentimentalist*. Its hero is a rich and handsome young Frenchman of the provinces, who is early attracted towards the opposite sex, but who has formed a high ideal of womankind. He meets many women he admires, some whom he could perhaps love, but love, in his case, proves elusive. Each time he is about to take the woman to his heart he mistrusts his own feelings, he knows that mere animalism and not his soul has attracted him towards her, and he flees her presence. He loves in this way the wife of his cousin, an older man than he, and who has befriended him. He struggles against the passion, but finally succumbs, and the author's analysis of his remorse constitutes one of the chief beauties of the book. In order to break off this *liaison*, which he deplores rather for its immorality and its treachery than for its danger, M. Prévost's hero engages himself to a young girl, a neighbour of his in the country. But he finds it impossible to banish from his heart the love that is forbidden, and when, later, the married woman dies, he writes to his young *fiancée*, telling her the truth and bidding her an eternal farewell.

The foregoing slight sketch cannot, of course, do justice to the beauty of literary composition, the loftiness of sentiment, the sincerity of pathos, or the intensity of the human interest contained in the pages of *La Confession d'un Amant*. That no one has ever translated it into English is surprising. An earlier novel somewhat similar in tone and atmosphere bears the picturesque title of *L'Automne d'une Femme*. Prévost has also published a volume of clever sketches under the collective title *Notre Campagne* (1895), and a novel called *Cousine Laure*, which has run through eleven editions.

I now come to the work of Marcel Prévost's which has aroused more comment and attracted more readers than any of his earlier books. I allude to his now celebrated *Lettres des Femmes*. It is not easy to give to these letters of women the unstinted praise they deserve, judged from the purely literary standpoint, for they have one defect which has so far deterred any English translator from attempting to put them into our language. The letters discuss very frankly, sometimes almost indecently, the relations of the sexes, and are nearly all supposed to be written by one woman to another, the correspondent thinking no one but the recipient will see the epistle. Even in France, where the paterfamilias might not object seriously to Daudet's *Sapho* being put into the hands of his daughters, it is probable that he would draw

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the line at Prévost's *Lettres des Femmes*. Not that the letters are vulgar or offensively realistic, or as picturesquely indecent as some of the pages of Maupassant. They are, on the contrary, most gracefully written, and each is a masterpiece of ingenuity and wit. So many editions (nearly fifty in all) of the book were sold in France that the publishers induced M. Prévost to write some more, which he did under the title, *Nouvelles Lettres des Femmes*.

Prévost's latest book, *Les Demi-Vierges*, was translated into English by the writer last summer under the title *The Demi-Virgins*. The title was an unfortunate one for this country. Its boldness shocked the booksellers, and very few dealers of good standing could be induced to put any copies on their counters. The book, therefore, did not have the same success over here that it had had in Paris. A dramatisation of the story made by Marcel Prévost himself has had a run of over one hundred nights at one of the Boulevard theatres.

The demi-virgin, as explained by the author in his preface, is the young girl of to-day, who goes everywhere, sees everything, reads every book, and, by the freedom allowed her, becomes initiated into every phase of life. A better and briefer way to define the type would, perhaps, be: the girl who is physically pure and morally impure. The story M. Prévost has woven around this idea is very dramatic and interesting. All the characters are admirably drawn and are true to life, and the book is vigorously and picturesquely written, but as a piece of literature it is many degrees inferior to *La Confession d'un Amant*.

Arthur Hornblow.

WAR IS KIND.

DO NOT WEEP, MAIDEN, FOR WAR IS KIND.
BECAUSE YOUR LOVER THREW WILD HANDS TOWARD THE SKY
AND THE AFFRIGHTED STEED RAN ON ALONE,
DO NOT WEEP.
WAR IS KIND.

HOARSE, BOOMING DRUMS OF THE REGIMENT,
LITTLE SOULS WHO THIRST FOR FIGHT,
THESE MEN WERE BORN TO DRILL AND DIE.
THE UNEXPLAINED GLORY FLIES ABOVE THEM,
GREAT IS THE BATTLE-GOD, GREAT, AND HIS KINGDOM—
A FIELD WHERE A THOUSAND CORPSES LIE.

DO NOT WEEP, BABE, FOR WAR IS KIND.
BECAUSE YOUR FATHER TUMBLED IN THE YELLOW TRENCHES,
RAGED AT HIS BREAST, GULPED AND DIED,
DO NOT WEEP.
WAR IS KIND.

SWIFT BLAZING FLAG OF THE REGIMENT,
EAGLE WITH CREST OF RED AND GOLD,
THESE MEN WERE BORN TO DRILL AND DIE.
POINT FOR THEM THE VIRTUE OF SLAUGHTER,
MAKE PLAIN TO THEM THE EXCELLENCE OF KILLING
AND A FIELD WHERE A THOUSAND CORPSES LIE.

MOTHER WHOSE HEART HUNG HUMBLE AS A BUTTON
ON THE BRIGHT SPLENDID SHROUD OF YOUR SON,
DO NOT WEEP.
WAR IS KIND.

Stephen Crane.

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DOANE ROBINSON.

The world has so many makers of tame and tiresome jingles who are posing as poets, that it is really refreshing to find a pleasant, merry fellow who doesn't set up or try to get set up in business as a bard, although he happens to have the knack of rhyme and can string together amusing or striking verses.

Jonah Leroy Robinson! Fame, indeed, would have to possess a sort of whale-mouth, in order to sport such an odd name with "due emphasis and discretion." It is easier to let his curious baptismal preface go by the board and call him by his nickname, Doane. As Doane Robinson he is known in some parts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and South Dakota, where he has worked as a farmer, a lawyer, a State official, and a special correspondent of some excellent papers, and, I believe, as an editor of one or two audacious literary or political ventures of a weekly kind which were especially beloved of the gods.

Robinson is a rather tall man with stooping shoulders, this pathetic deformity to an otherwise handsome, manly figure having been contracted in the hard years when this humourist bent over the hoe and followed the plough. His features are clean-cut and good, and his eyes are fine, large, and light hazel in colour, with an almost feminine softness, even when they look a laugh.

It was said of Edgar Poe that he was never known to laugh audibly. I fancy the same might be said of Doane Robinson; but if so, it is due simply because a feeling of weariness has crept into his risible muscles, for no man was ever quicker to see a joke and to let it unconsciously be seen in his glance.

Some of our American humourists who have gained considerable vogue are simply burlesquers or exaggerators of ideas intrinsically absurd. Much of their patiently spun humour is only word-deep. To be sure, much of Shakspeare's is of the same slight kind, cheap and easy plays upon words or travesties of some mere fantastic fashion of the day; but, on the other hand, Shakspeare's great humour—and all true humour, it seems to me—is that which is or emanates from character; in fine, the humour of humanity, such as the master of tragedy gave to us in Falstaff.

This is the kind of humour which Doane Robinson evinces, and therefore only rarely does this wild Westerner get into the magazines; though to the credit of the *Century* it should be admitted that some of his poorest work has occasionally enlivened its pages. When I say that Robinson's humour seems to me of the Shakspearian kind, let me not be misunderstood as comparing his modest little muse with that of Sweet Will, though that might be all right and *fin de siècle*, since Mr. Howells has demonstrated Shakspeare's inferiority to the long-winded and tiresome Kalmucks, Turgénieff and Tolstoy, and therefore, by implication, Shakspeare's immeasurable inferiority to Mr. Howells's own self.

Most of us who have lived in the rude, crude West have encountered odd specimens occupying official positions. Even in the South I remember a distinguished Justice Shallow before whom a coloured brother pleaded guilty to a certain ill-advised experiment in ornithology.

"Haven't you been in dis yar court befo', sah?" queried the Judge. The prisoner admitted it. "And didn't you plead guilty once befo', sah?" demanded His Honour still more sternly. "You did, sah? Well, wha' de debbil you mean, sah, by tryin' ter play that game twicet on dis yar court? I ganny" (South Mississippian for I guess)—"I ganny, sah, I'll try you, sah, an' zamine dese yar witnesses an' find out, sah, whether yo' guilty or not."

And this Solon actually put the county to an expense of eight dollars by examining four witnesses to prove the confessed guilt of "God's ebony image" there present.

Robinson, in the following verses, presents to us an equally characteristic Western edition of a Daniel come to judgment, with an original way of applying law for the benefit of the Judge's little poker-game exchequer.

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THE CROWNER'S QUEST.

I air a justice of the peace,
  As knows the rules of law,
Likewise I air familiar
  With the principles of draw.
'Twar the mornin' of the freshet,
  The Gates an' Sam an' me
War across the board discussin'
  A p'int in chancer-ee,
When a stranger from the mountain,
  A mule a-ridin' down,
Somehow got tangled in the ford
  Whar he fell off an' drown.
Wall, I summoned for a jury
  To set upon him thar
The two Gates boys an' pardner Sam,
  But fust I made 'em swar
Ter make a true inventory
  Of all they heard an' saw,
An' so bring in a verdic'
  Accordin' to the law.
Then we rolled in the defendant,
  An' w'en the search wuz done,
We hadn't found a single thing
  But jest a leetle gun.
So that jury fixed a verdic'
  That couldn't be appealed,
They found "the party guilty
  Of carryin' concealed
A weapon that wuz dangerous,
  Contrairy to the law."
They said "a plainer case nor this
  Nobody never saw."
Then I socked it to the pris'ner,
  Accordin' to the rule—
I fined him fifty dollars,
  An' levied on his mule.

The fun in the following poem seems to me to mark a great advance in Robinson's art. As a study in senile depravity it reminds me, though it is entirely different and profoundly original, of that wonderful scene in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*, where the old sexton is cheerfully digging a grave for the other old man whom he has known so long.

ONE OF THE PALLS.

I were a pall to the buryin',
  Joe's finally out o' the way;
Nothin' special ailin' o' him,
  Jest ol' age and ginr'l decay.
Hope to the Lord 'at I'll never be
Ol' an' decreepit an' useless as he.
Cuss to his fambly the last five year—
Monstrous expensive with keep so dear—
'Sides all the fuss an' worryin',
Terribul trial to git so old—
Cur'us a man'll continny to hold
On to life, w'en it's easy to see
His chances for livin', tho' dreffelly slim,
Are better'n his fambly's alottin' for him.
  Joe 'uz 'at kind of a hanger on—
Hedn't no sense o' the time to quit;
Stunted descreeshun an' stall-fed grit
Helped him unbuckle many a cinch
Whar sensible men 'ud a died in the pinch.
  So I'm kind o' tickled to hev him gone;
Bested for once and laid away,
Got him down whar he's boun' to stay;
  And I were a pall to his buryin'.

Knowed him more'n sixty year a back—
Used to be somm'at older than him—
  Fought him one night to a huskin' bee,
Licked him in manner uncommon complete;
Every one said 't 'uz a beautiful fight—
Joe, he wa'nt satisfied with it thet way,
Kep' dingin' along an' w'en he got through,
  The wust-lookin' critter 'at ever you see
Were stretched on a bed rigged up in the hay—
They carted me home the follerin' day.

Got me a sweetheart purty an' trim—
  Tole me 'at I's a heap lik'ler'n Joe;
Mittened him twicet. But Joe kep' on the track,
  Follered her round ary place she 'ud go;
I offered to lick him. Says she: "It's a treat,
Le's watch an' fin' out what the poor critter'l
    do."
  Watched him, believin' the thing 'uz all right—
  That identical gal is Joe's widder to-night.

Run to be jestice, then Joe, he run too;
  Knowed I 'uz pop'lar, an' he hadn't a friend.
So thar want no use o' my hurryin'.
'Lection come off and we counted the votes,
  I hadn't enough and Joe had 'em to lend;
So, all the way through, I been takin' notes
O' Joe's low, disagreeable way,
An' it tickles me now to be able to say
  He's bested fer good in the end;
Got him down whar he's boun' to stay,
And I were a pall to his buryin'.

Comment on this true picture of the *comédie humaine* is almost superfluous. Forgive me, therefore, for saying that one of the profoundest bits of colour here, to my vision, is the line "Used to be somm'at older'n him," indicating how the fact of his lifelong rival's death had so rejuvenated the old sinner as to make him delude himself into the fancy that he really has beaten Joe by growing young or staying young, just in the same way as he tries to fool himself into the belief that he had Joe well thrashed at the husking bee; only Joe was mean enough not to stay thrashed. We all know such men as Joe. Thank Heaven, the country abounds with them, and they are the salt of civilisation. It is philologically worthy of note that the word *cinch* is used here with its true metaphoric value. It comes from the Spanish word *cincha*, a girth or cingle; hence, metaphorically, a tight hold or a tight place.

It would be hardly fair to Doane Robinson not to give a specimen of his pathos as well as of his humour. Dialect has been overdone both in poetry and prose by the magazinists; and the army of cultured persons who skip anything

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that looks like dialect is no doubt growing very rapidly. Yet I ask such readers to make an exception and read this poem, partly because the broken English of the Scandinavian farmers of Southern Minnesota and South Dakota is a comparatively fresh exhibit, and chiefly because this poem puts a whole economic condition in a nutshell. It is not merely an expression of individual character; it is a type. These Scandinavian farmers work their wives like cattle, and not all of them, I fear, have the grace to wake up, like Tina's husband, even when it is too late, to the consciousness of their own brutality and to the wholesome bitterness of "a vain repentance and a long regret."

For the easy comprehension of this rare bit of private human history, let me explain a few phrases and words. "Mek mae vooman by mae scurse" means "keep my wife well scared of me," or in a state of proper subjection, "scurse" being their attempt at a past participle for scared. "Hardt" means loud and stern and also held hard or tightly grasped. "Mens skal keep her purty hardt" = man ought to hold her pretty well or tightly in hand. "Yoining," of course, is joining, and "eider" is either, standing for otherwise or else. "Cheap by leefin ven preis daer," signifies economical, when times are hard. May I add one more word about the fine art shown in making the husband use to the last the very same phrase with which he had bullied her up to work in the morning, only, when the truth dawns upon his benighted soul, with a new and terrible signification in the syllables?

TINA.

Dese haer Tina, shae mae vooman;
Ve baen marriat tirty year.
Shae baen firs-tret vorkin vooman,
Cheap by leefin ven preis daer.
Ay baen very gude boss-fallar,
Mek mae vooman by mae scurse;
Efery mornin' hardt ay tal her
Youst ven sun-set-up appurse:
"Coom, Tina, up haer, vake op."

Vooman, dose baen much quveer peoples,
Mens skal keep her purty hardt
Eider, shae vil baen smuart peoples
Yoining dose haer soufrage cradt.
Better den ay tank to mek her
Valk op streit, ven shaerp ay say,
Lak shae tank ay goin' kek her,
Ven ay call by breckin day:
"Coom, Tina, op haer, vake op."

* * * * *

Vos ay haer dese tal me, doctore?
Tina never vake no more?
Dese bae mekin funny, doctore,
Open mae dose bade-room door!
Tina, Tina, ay baen coomin,
Sveet gude Tina, haer mae quveek!
Ay not ogly, ay not bossin';
Tina, gude vife, haer mae speak;
Coom, Tina, op haer, vake op!

Doane Robinson has written other things in prose as well as rhyme, brimming with quiet quaintness and the most felicitous, natural, unforced fun. Since he has no faculty for posing as an apostle of literary or ethical novelties, and no advertising fulcrum in the shape of a mutual admiration bureau, such as some of our alleged poets and novelists happily for themselves possess, he still remains practically unknown; but, when the right historian of literature arrives, I believe that his plain name will be found worthy of mention. Meantime, it is pleasant to know that his State, South Dakota, poor as she is in monetary ways just now, is rich enough at least in a sense of humour to do reverence to his talents, and also clever enough to appreciate his personal character.

Henry Austin.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

Could you but read what characters are writ
Between the lines so lambent with their wit,
No mirth-provoking comedy you'd see,
But sorrow's tale—a dark life-tragedy.

Clinton Scollard.

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MR. GODKIN AND HIS BOOK.

The collection and publication in book-form of some of the most characteristic of Mr. E. L. Godkin's editorial writings* render appropriate and timely a brief consideration of the work of one who has long held a quite unique position in contemporary American journalism. This attempt should be the more seriously made in that Mr. Godkin's influence as an editor is very far from exercising a merely ephemeral and passing incident. We shall not be guilty of exaggeration if we say that it has left a lasting mark upon the social and economic history of the nation.

Mr. Godkin at the very outset of his career was exceptionally fortunate in finding a broad field in which to develop his powers and to gain experience. Most American editors of distinction have begun their careers in the newspaper offices of some small town or city, and have thence worked their way towards metropolitan and national eminence. In the process they have necessarily acquired an invaluable knowledge of the mysteries of practical journalism, and a minute acquaintance with the temper and requirements of the American public; yet they have also in their formative period lost much, owing to their purely local environment and the intensely local influences to which they have been subjected. They are, in consequence, too often imbued with prejudices that hamper their intellectual freedom. Their horizon is too narrow, their opinions too provincial, and their mental processes too deficient in perspective. The practical result is seen in the fact that while they are quick to recognise the drift of public opinion, they are deficient in the qualities that would enable them to direct this drift, to mould and shape this opinion, and to guide it towards wise and worthy ends. They are admirable followers, but weak and uncertain leaders.

Mr. Godkin, on the other hand, was fortunate enough to begin his labours in a position that gave him a large and comprehensive knowledge of the great world; so that his cast of mind is truly cosmopolitan. Born in Ireland in 1831, he received his academic education at the Queen's College in Belfast, and on its completion he at once established a connection with the London *Daily News*, which sent him as its correspondent to the East in the stirring days of the Crimean War. In Turkey and Russia, from 1854 to 1856, he was brought into personal contact with men of great distinction in many fields of influence—soldiers, diplomats, civic officers of eminence, and keen-witted journalists—from whom he acquired an invaluable fund of knowledge relating to politics, diplomacy, history, and incidentally of human nature. Leaving the East at the conclusion of the war, he travelled in the United States as the representative of the same great journal, bringing to bear upon both our people and our institutions keen, analytical observation, and the unprejudiced mind of a disinterested stranger. During our Civil War he acted in the dual capacity of correspondent for the *Daily News* and for the New York *Times*, thus establishing a definite connection with American journalism. At the end of the war, in 1865, he was made editor of the *Nation* in New York City, and in the following year the ownership of that periodical passed into his hands. In 1881, when the *Nation* was made the weekly edition of the New York *Evening Post*, he assumed the joint editorship of the latter journal with Mr. Horace White, and in this position has very greatly extended the sphere of his labours and of his influence.

As an editor, Mr. Godkin has always displayed the characteristics that we have just noted as lacking in so many American editorial offices. So far from being in any way swayed by the breath of public favour, he has, perhaps, too often gone to the other extreme, and, by what appears to many to be a kind of perversity, has exulted in setting himself in direct opposition to the popular tide. In this way there have been times when his aggressive independence has put in jeopardy the success of a worthy cause, and has not infrequently es-

* Reflections and Comments. By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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tranged some of its most conscientious supporters. Yet in the main, as his attitude has become better understood, it has often at last been triumphantly vindicated; and some very marked revolutions in the national mind can be traced unmistakably to the persistent and powerful hammering of Mr. Godkin upon the door of the national conscience. It is possible to cite chapter and verse in support of this assertion; for it is not too much to say that all the most important questions of our recent political history were raised to prominence in the first instance largely by the influence of Mr. Godkin. They were, of course, in any case bound to arise in time and to clamour for solution; but it was Mr. Godkin's clear sight that penetrated the future and detected their imminence, as it was his courageous independence that forced them to the front and hastened on their consideration. The settlement of our monetary system upon a gold basis, the reform of the civil service, the gradual abolition of a protective tariff, the enactment of stringent laws for ensuring the purity of elections, the incidental introduction of the Australian ballot, with the reform of municipal government upon a non-partisan footing, and the separation of local and national elections—to recall these issues is inevitably to bring to mind Mr. Godkin's part in their evocation and decision, so far as they are yet decided. In almost every case he has had at first to contend with persistent opposition, unlimited ridicule, and disheartening indifference; yet in every case, also, by sheer force of character and power of argument, he has in the end impressed his views upon one or another of the national parties. Who does not remember, for instance, the torrent of contemptuous mockery with which almost every one received his first demand for a civil service in which the non-political appointments should be made from considerations of fitness alone, and with a tenure made independent of political expediency? How the politicians sneered and jeered! The spirit that animated Roscoe Conkling when he insultingly dubbed George William Curtis "a man milliner" was reflected in a thousand newspaper offices and in the sardonic comments of a hundred political committee-rooms. "Snivel-service reform" was the popular name for Mr. Godkin's proposed system; and even the ordinary citizen, with no political axe to grind, chuckled quietly over the visionary aspect of what Mr. Dana called "Chinese" methods. Yet the civil service of the nation is now very largely organised as Mr. Godkin had suggested, and to-day no responsible politician dares to suggest a reversion to the spoilsman's ways. The same thing is true of Mr. Godkin's other struggles. The gold basis has so far successfully been maintained as the foundation of American finance, the drift of national legislation is setting steadily towards a revenue tariff, the Australian ballot is in use in some form in nearly every State and Territory of the Union, municipal elections are now largely divorced from the Federal ballotings, and they are often fought and won on the principle of strict non-partisanship in matters that are strictly local. To have played so large a part in the achievement of such results as these would in itself be a crown of honour to any man; to Mr. Godkin the honour is the greater because for a long time he fought the battle quite alone against all manner of obloquy, and carried it through to a triumphant issue by the force of his own sincerity and the convincing power of his argument.

Nor is it merely in the political field that he has left a permanent mark. The influence of his writings upon the social history of our people is more intangible and subtle, but no less real. When he began his work, the country had just passed through a great convulsion that had shattered the whole fabric of our social system. The old traditions had shrivelled and been swept away in the flames of the Civil War. The day of small things had forever departed. Thousands of men had grown suddenly rich, and great fortunes had fallen to the possession of persons who had no conception of how to use them. It was an apotheosis of the *nouveaux riches*, an era of shoddy, the cycle of Jim Fisk and Tweed, an epoch that Mr. Godkin himself has very neatly characterised as the "chromo stage" of our civilisation. Its crudeness, vulgarity, and tawdry ostentation were barbaric beyond belief. Men seemed to have no standard but a money standard, and out of unlimited money they were able to get only the sort of cheap-and-

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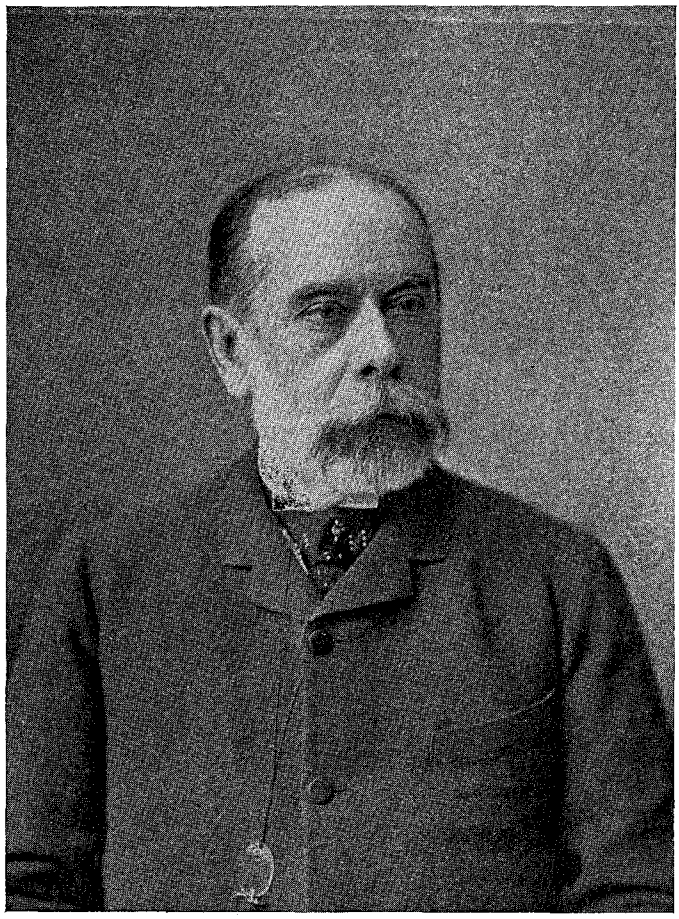

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN.

nasty display that would delight the heart of an African savage. It is difficult to do justice to the influence which the *Nation*, under Mr. Godkin's editorship, exercised at this period in crystallising such elements of refinement and good taste as existed, into a leavening and illuminating force. His shafts flew fast, and the wit and fun with which they were barbed demolished many a social absurdity, and pierced through the veil of barbarism that darkened the eyes of many worthy but uninstructed men. The high standard of literary achievement which the *Nation* never dropped, the gospel of art and learning that Mr. Godkin always preaches, have at last given to American society a definite ideal, which more and more with every year Americans are accepting and endeavouring to attain. Incidentally, too, the work of Mr. Godkin has had an elevating influence upon journalism. Never for a moment has he allowed his columns to exhibit any of the more discreditable features of the irresponsible press. Never has he ceased to denounce and to hold up to contempt the baseness of its practices, its cheap wit, its ignorance of history, its malevolent injustice, its clap-trap rhetoric, its shamelessly offensive outrages on personal privacy. There is to-day still much to be desired in our press, but the great metropolitan journals, at any rate, now adopt in the main a tone of courtesy and dignity that was once unknown.

It may be asked how such an influence as we ascribe to Mr. Godkin could be so effectively exerted through the columns of a weekly paper whose circulation has never been a large one. The question is a very natural one. It is probable that the *Nation* has never possessed more than ten thousand subscribers, and the circulation of the *Post* is not a large one. Moreover, Mr. Godkin's editorials, while they represent the perfection of a certain style, are not likely to be regarded as "good reading" for the masses, who like slang-whanging and the beating of the big drum. How, then, has he succeeded in finally impressing his views upon the great body of the people? The answer is easy. Mr. Godkin's *clientèle*, his ten or twenty thousand readers, are a picked class. They are not ten or twenty thousand casual persons forming a stray drop in the bucket of the population. They are rather representative men—men of high professional or commercial standing, authors, lawyers, editors, experts in their own lines—in other words, men who individually wield a

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strong influence upon many others. It is men of this type for whom Mr. Godkin writes, and when he has convinced and won over these, he has secured ten thousand apostles of his doctrine, almost every one of whom is a strong positive force in the community. It is, then, not directly upon the masses that he works, but through his immediate circle of readers; and this accounts for the fact that among the people at large his name is little known. Hundreds of thousands of voters are to-day following implicitly Mr. Godkin's lead who have no knowledge of his existence. But the public men to whom they look for teaching, the editors of the newspapers whence they get their bias, these are Mr. Godkin's pupils, receiving from him the arguments and the elucidations which they pass on in a new form to the great constituency whom they serve. We could mention many newspapers that take their cue in this manner from the editor of the *Evening Post*; and there is a New York journal of which we wot that seldom fails to give its readers in the morning, in a sadly diluted condition, some one of the crisp, convincing editorials of the *Post* of the night before.

This leads us naturally to a short consideration of Mr. Godkin's literary style and manner, as to which one need only say that to a cultivated reader they are absolutely perfect of their kind. The leading articles of the *Post* and *Nation* presuppose always not only intelligence, but education on the reader's part. They abound in allusions of the kind that are heard in the intimate and familiar intercourse of men of culture. There is never anything the least pedantic in this. The style is ease and simplicity itself. It is crisp and neat; the sentences are short and to the point, oftentimes wholly colloquial; but the ease is not that of a loafer in his shirt-sleeves, but of a gentleman in the easy-chair of his club. Anecdote abounds, and apt illustration is one of the most telling of Mr. Godkin's many valuable gifts. Had he been a preacher of economic truth in academic strain he would never have succeeded; it is his appreciation of the comic, his amusing persiflage, his delicate yet absolutely destructive irony that make his argument and exposition and invective so tremendously effective. This last quality—his irony—is a weapon that he uses with consummate mastery. Its touch is light, yet it can make the apparently imposing cause of an adversary shrivel like a leaf. Anything more intensely exasperating than some of his strokes cannot well be conceived of; and we believe that he is the only journalistic opponent who has ever been able to rouse the veteran Dana to serious wrath. He has mastered, also, many typographical subtleties, and especially the psychology of the quotation mark and the capital letter, whose use as weapons of offence he has developed to a science. He knows the exact shade of meaning that each will convey to the mind, and has pushed this knowledge into the sphere of the transcendental. For instance, he has occasion to speak of the political henchmen, who are indicated in such popular phrases as "So-and-so is one of the boys," or "So-and-so is solid with the boys." Now in speaking of these persons, an inferior writer would use quotation marks and say "the boys," which would be ineffective and commonplace. Mr. Godkin, however, is too deep to do anything so lame and impotent as that. With a subtle instinct he chose the capital letter, and introduced his readers to the Boys as though they were some tribe or separate race. Then in many editorials he discussed with much gravity the general attitude of a Boy and the workings of a Boy's mind, and what a Boy would do under various hypothetical conditions, until he so tickled his readers' sense of the ludicrous that they could only lie back in a chair and explode with laughter. Just why the capital letter should have had this power we have not the remotest idea; perhaps Mr. Godkin himself does not know. But he did know perfectly well what he was about and could calculate to a dot exactly the effect that he was going to produce. When he uses the quotation marks instead of capitals, he is equally correct in his judgment, and in his hands they have an indescribably derisive effect. They are generally employed to render ludicrous some phrase or sentence that has heretofore been taken seriously by the public, such as "plain, blunt man," "getting near to the people," "the true American spirit," "point with pride," or "a friend to silver." It is surprising how powerful these purely typo-

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graphical devices become as he uses them; and he is so well aware of this as to employ them with great frequency, so that in every page of his book which is now before us, they appear and reappear continually.

Having said this much concerning Mr. Godkin and his work, it remains to consider a very curious phenomenon, and one that has long been remarked upon as a sort of psychological mystery. It is a well-known fact that while the most intelligent and thoughtful readers of the *Post* follow its lead almost implicitly, and cheerfully admit its high character, their personal feeling for it is one that might almost be called dislike. They accept its monitions, but abuse the monitor; and this feeling is so general as to have found expression in a very clever epigram, which, as we printed it in the October BOOKMAN, we need not here repeat. Now this is a remarkable thing; for, as a rule, the regular readers of a paper usually feel a sort of loyalty toward it such as they entertain for a great political leader. In Greeley's day the *Tribune's* subscribers were almost fanatical in their devotion to that great editor, and they formed, as it were, a Sacred Band in American politics. The same thing is true of Mr. Watterson's clientage, and of that of many another leading journal. Why is it not also true of the *Post?* Why do those who read it most steadily and whom it most deeply influences have nothing but flings and gibes for it in their conversation? This has long been one of the mysteries of contemporary journalism, and no one seems able to give a philosophic answer to the question. With a certain amount of diffidence we are going to attempt its solution here, having considered it very carefully and having formed a theory which may, at any rate, serve as a working hypothesis. It is only proper to say, before proceeding further, that the present writer has no personal acquaintance with Mr. Godkin, and knows him only through his published work; so that when mention is made of him, it must be understood as referring to him in his editorial capacity alone, and as he appears to a conscientious reader of his writings.

In the first place, the tone of the *Post* is one that is suggestive of a certain infallible superiority, such as comparatively few are willing to recognise as attainable in this imperfect world. To the constituents of some journals, however, such a tone might be, if not agreeable, at any rate more or less impressive; but the readers of the *Post*, being in the main highly educated men, are apt to resent it as being just a little too overpowering. The virtue of the *Post*, in fact, is rather more oppressive than many another's vice, and irresistibly recalls the famous lines of Horace—

"Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam."

Moreover, when one sets himself up as a Superior Person, it behooves him to be very sure that the reasons on which this superiority is based shall never be open to question. But in the case of the *Post*, there is now and then to be seen the little rift within the lute, that seriously impairs the perfection of its music; or, in other words, its practice does not always appear to coincide with its professions. Thus, its ostensible attitude is that of an impartial, fair-minded observer, whose sole mission is to deal out justice with an even hand, being elevated far above the sordid considerations of party and policy. As a matter of fact, any one who has read the *Post* for a few months knows that it is one of the most partisan papers in existence. Its devotion is not, to be sure, given to either of the great political parties; but to the party of which the editors of the *Post* are the only consistent members. That is, whoever does not follow in the lines that they have laid down are its opponents, to be treated with just as much bitterness as can be found in any of the most conspicuous instances of the "journalism" for which Mr. Godkin expresses so much abhorrence. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. Blaine. There are many persons, of whom the present writer is one, who had no admiration for Mr. Blaine as a politician, and who thought him very, very human as a man, yet who had, nevertheless, a certain amount of liking for him. It rather grated on their sense of reason and justice to find the *Post* hunting him with an intensity of hatred that seemed little less than malignant. That all his motives were base, that he never was actuated by a patriotic impulse, and that every action of his public career sprang from either greed or a low cunning, no moderate man could well believe; yet the *Post*

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tried to make all men believe it. The result was probably the creation of a certain sympathy for Mr. Blaine by the very organ that denounced him. It is generally thought, too, that a certain tolerance of Tammany rule in this city was appreciably fostered, because the extreme violence of the *Post's* denunciations led to a reaction in the minds of its readers. In some cases the treatment which was accorded to individuals savoured very strongly of ordinary "journalism," as when the *Post* conceived the notion of clipping its opponents' names and speaking of them habitually as "Billy" and "Mike" and "Hughey" and "Tom." Coming from the *Post*, and being carried to great lengths, this rather repelled than convinced; and when one day the irreverent Mr. Dana came out in the *Sun*, and carelessly spoke of Mr. Godkin as "Larry," it was not merely the cohorts of Tammany that were amused.

The same general remarks are true of the *Post's* treatment of great public questions, as, for example, that of the protective tariff. To Mr. Godkin the tariff is anathema, an accursed thing, spawned in selfish greed and perpetuated by corruption. But most Americans, even those who regard protection as an economic error, are by no means willing to admit that it has been to the United States an unmixed evil. They feel that it was a very high price to pay for the attainment of certain ends, but they recognise the good that it has done in the past, and when they find Mr. Godkin seeing only the greatness of the price and quite oblivious of the benefits, they begin to question both his fairness and his omniscience.

More striking still is an incident in his crusade for international copyright. Probably no one did better service in bringing about the present arrangement for protecting foreign authors; but Mr. Godkin was not content merely to advocate this measure. He felt it incumbent on him to denounce those publishers who, prior to its enactment, had reprinted foreign books in the United States, which under our laws they had a perfect right to do. His denunciation was for a long time general; but at last, for reasons satisfactory to himself, he singled out a reputable firm in this city, which had reprinted the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and made a special and very virulent attack upon it as guilty of "piracy," holding up a clerical member of the firm to particular obloquy, reading him a lecture on the eighth commandment, and implying that he was a robber who was dealing in stolen goods. Some one very promptly called Mr. Godkin's attention to the fact that his own paper was filled every evening with advertisements of foreign books similarly reprinted by many other firms, and that if to reprint such books were "robbery," then he was himself promoting the sale of stolen goods and encouraging a crime. The logic of this was quite unanswerable, and Mr. Godkin made no attempt to answer it; but said rather lamely that he could not investigate the source of all the books that were advertised in his paper. Subsequently it became known that the *Post* itself had been taking stories from the English magazines and printing them in its Saturday supplement; so that, on the whole, its magnificent attitude as a great moral teacher lost something of its impressiveness.

Another interesting episode occurred last spring, when the *Post* became engaged in a controversy with Professor E. R. A. Seligman, of this city, on the constitutionality of the income-tax. After a series of editorials from the *Post* and of letters from Professor Seligman, the *Post* cited a high authority at length in support of its position, and then hurriedly expressed its intention of closing the whole discussion. But the Professor was not to be disposed of in so summary a fashion; and his standing was too high and his eminence as an economist too great for the *Post* to refuse him a further hearing; so that the matter was carried further, until the *Post* was forced to admit that it had misquoted its authority, and had done so in such a way as practically to make him say almost the exact reverse of what he actually did say on the subject. This is one of the very rare occasions when the *Post* has been obliged to acknowledge an error committed by it; and an unholy joy prevailed among its readers, who may yet erect a statue to Professor Seligman as a public benefactor.

Space compels us to abstain from too many citations to illustrate the point that we are making; but we must mention one or two more instances. The first relates to the Presidential campaign of 1892, when the *Post* was supporting the

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Democratic national ticket. A municipal Tammany ticket was before the voters at the same time, and it was generally known that if the latter were attacked by the reform element in the city, the Tammany men would sell out the national candidates in order to elect their own city officers. Now the *Post* has always held that one should act in municipal matters without any thought of party, and never mix considerations of expediency with a plain civic duty. Yet at the time of this election it had not a word to say regarding the Tammany candidates; nor did it print its customary "Voters' Directory," in which it always describes the Tammany men as "thugs," "murderers," "felons," and other equally unpleasant things. Some wicked Republican wrote to the editor and asked for the publication of the *Post's* usual information to voters; but a profound silence followed the letter. Then some one went to the *Post* office and offered to pay for the insertion of its "Directory" at the regular advertising rates. The offer was refused; the editor presently made a rather vague and ambiguous explanation in his columns; and general hilarity reigned among the unregenerate at finding Mr. Godkin playing the "practical politician" and turning his back upon his own civic ideals.

Finally, a personal incident must be recorded. The *Post* had published some very scorching editorials on the conduct of those citizens who buy favours from the police, and thus encourage blackmail and the demoralisation of the force. Many ears must have tingled when those scathing articles were read, and many backs must have winced as the lash descended. Well, the time came when a certain Tammany leader brought a libel suit against Mr. Godkin; and a policeman was sent to the editor's house to secure his attendance at the court. The hour of his call was a very inconvenient one, and so Mr. Godkin offered the policeman a five-dollar bill to arrange matters more agreeably. This was precisely what nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand New Yorkers would have done under the same circumstances; but, unfortunately, Mr. Godkin was the one person in New York who could not afford to do it, and it produced a profound sensation. Mr. Godkin himself felt that something would have to be said; and he published an explanation couched in a humorous vein, to the effect that New York being governed by a band of robbers, any one who fell into their power might properly ransom himself, and that the five dollars was such a ransom, with much more to the same effect. It was generally felt that the humour was rather forced, and that the explanation hardly fitted in with the general preaching of the *Post*. And, indeed, it was hard to see why his defence could not be urged with equal force on behalf of the citizens whom Mr. Godkin had just been covering with his denunciation.

All these points that have here been touched upon are individually very trifling, and even when taken together they do not constitute a very formidable indictment for inconsistency or arrogance. To the constituency of most of our great journals they would pass unheeded or as subjects of only casual comment. But, as has already been observed, the constituency of the *Post* and *Nation* is not an ordinary body of readers; it is an assemblage of critics, whose faculty for criticism has been sharpened and pointed by Mr. Godkin himself; and it is precisely in proportion as his editorial utterances are deemed weighty, that those utterances are carefully and even finically examined.

There is another element, also, that enters into their estimate of the man and his work that is far more subtle, and therefore much more difficult to explain to the general reader, though its presence perceptibly colours the judgment which the clients of the *Post* pass upon that organ. Happily in the volume now before us Mr. Godkin has himself aided in making our meaning comprehensible.

In his estimate of John Stuart Mill, Mr. Godkin has written these very striking sentences:

> "He [Mill] was wanting . . . in what we may call, though not in any bad sense, the animal side of man's nature. He suffered in his treatment of all the questions of the day from excess of culture and deficiency of blood. He understood and allowed for men's errors of judgment and for their ignorance, and for their sloth and indifference; but of appreciation of the force of their passions his speculations contain little sign."

Now it would be impossible to express more perfectly than is done in these words the exact opinion which the

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majority of his readers hold regarding the editor of the *Evening Post*, so far as such an opinion is based upon their knowledge of him through his editorial writings. It seems to them as though the spirit of the *Post* were a spirit evoked wholly from the Dismal Science—a spirit of facts and figures and formulas, a bloodless impersonation of mere logic, a spirit incapable of any glow of passion, or of any sympathy with the purely emotional side of individual and national temperament. This calmness and coldness are in many respects a source of strength and influence. In dealing with questions of finance and of administrative reform, such qualities give enormous power to the expositions of the *Post*, for they conduce to clear seeing and sound thinking, and enable their possessor to brush aside all the purely minor issues in any great question, and to hew his way straight to the root of the matter. But when questions of another kind arise—questions involving national prejudices and susceptibilities, questions, in other words, that appeal primarily to sentiment—the tone of the *Post* is so unsympathetic, so apparently unappreciative of the great depth and power of passion, as to put it altogether out of court and nullify the force of its contentions. This is seen in a small way in its treatment of minor occurrences, in its discussion of lynch law, for instance, and of occasional incidents that involve social principles. As a rule, the most uncompromising opponents of the "higher law," the sternest enemies of the principles of private vengeance, are nevertheless able and willing to recognise the wild justice of much that has at times been done by men who have, under exceptional conditions, taken the law into their own hands. Most men recognise that there are and always will be offences for which the written code provides no adequate redress. Yet the *Post* would appear to hold that neither to preserve the safety of a community, nor to protect the honour and purity of the home, must men under any circumstances revert to the primitive means of defence; that no outrage can be so gross, no insult so foul as to justify the individual in an appeal to physical force outside of the slow machinery of the law. Is there not the divorce court ready to redress the insulted honour of the husband? Are there not the civil tribunals always sitting to mulct the offender and to soothe the wounded spirit by a tidy little award of dollars? What is honour anyway? Something to be included between derisive quotation-marks and spoken of as "honour."

And this same attitude, so repugnant to the most elemental principles of human nature, is conspicuously seen in the *Post's* handling of international controversies. That under any circumstances a nation—or, at any rate, the United States—may rightly and justly appeal to the arbitrament of the sword seems hardly within the sphere of the *Post's* philosophy; but all questions affecting the sentiment of nationality are consistently treated from the commercial, or perhaps we should say, the economical standpoint. A reader of the *Post* gets the impression that even if the country were invaded by a foreign army, that journal would scarcely counsel armed resistance, so long as the marauding forces spared what it is fond of calling its "counting-room." Take a typical case that every one will remember as happening some three years ago, when the sailors of a United States man-of-war were assaulted in the streets of a Chilean city. They had been guilty of no offence except of wearing their country's uniform; yet they were set upon by the mob, knocked down, beaten, and at last dragged by the police through the streets with ropes, and flung into prison. At the same time the house of the American Minister suffered a species of blockade, swarms of spies were set upon him, and a high officer of the Chilean Government, in his official capacity delivered an harangue filled with studied insults to the President and people of the United States. Now there could hardly seem to be room for two opinions about the duty of the American Government in such a crisis. Had the sailors been Englishmen, Valparaiso would have been very promptly and effectively shelled as soon as a squadron could get within range of it. But what was the attitude of the *Evening Post*? Why, it figured up the cost of bringing Chile to her senses, and said that it would be a pity to spend all that money on a mere pitiful question of national honour. What were those sailors doing there anyhow? Why didn't they stay on their ships? What business had

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American ships down there in Chile? After all, a few sailors were of no great consequence, and if we had to fight Chile, a good many men would probably be killed, not to mention all the money that would be wasted. And so forth, and so forth. Finally, when it had called the American Minister "a Blaine Irishman," and docked his name, and spoken of him as "Pat," the *Post* felt that the last word on the subject had been said. Fortunately the government at Washington did not pay much attention to Mr. Godkin at this juncture, but by a threat of instant war brought up the Chilean Jingoes with a round turn, and made them apologise and eat dirt, and indemnify the men whom they had outraged; after which there was a great calm all along the western coast of South America.

Now it is not at all probable that Mr. Godkin's private and personal views quite coincide with his editorial utterances on these matters. He doubtless feels about them very much as does any other man. But he presumably recognises the undoubted fact that Americans as a people are too much swayed by sentiment, and in his desire to check this fault, he ignores considerations of sentiment altogether. And in going to such an extreme he makes a fatal mistake; for there is something about the *Post's* attitude so smug, so cold-blooded, so epicene, as in one very important sphere to annihilate altogether an influence which, with a more sympathetic spirit, it might otherwise exert for good and useful ends.

The book before us contains many illustrations of all that is most characteristic in Mr. Godkin's writing. The papers on "Chromo Civilisation," "John Stuart Mill," "The Evolution of the Summer Resort," "Panics," "The Morals and Manners of the Kitchen," and "Court Circles" are classics in their way; and the one on "Physical Force in Politics" should be printed in letters of gold and sent to every amiable lunatic who goes about agitating for the alleged "rights" of women. But it is invidious to make any selection when all are so good; and the book should be in the hands of every one who loves to watch the play of a brilliant intellect finding its expression through the medium of a singularly lucid and illuminating style.

H. T. Peck.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

This fluttering sheet of paper, snowy white,
A dove of Venus is whose glad behest
It is to bear my message on its breast
Unto my Sweet across the leagues of night.
And when beneath the singing stars its flight
Is done then shall it find a downy nest
Amid the laces of her gown and rest
Upon her bosom, dreaming of delight.

Up then, my bird, and spread your pinions wide,
The quest is happy, though the way be long:
Joy your companion is, and Love your guide,
And hope within your heart beats ever strong;
Godspeed! would I might journey at your side
And hear with you her lips repeat my song.

Frederic F. Sherman.

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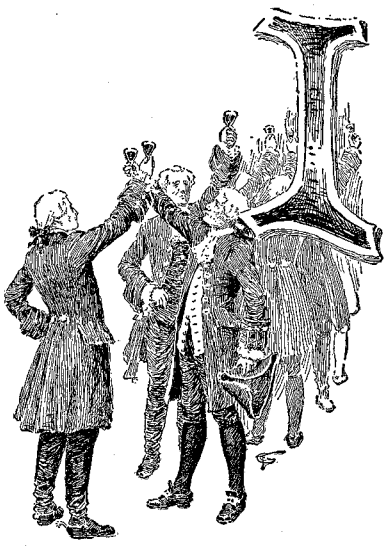
KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER III.

A HOME OF MANY GENERATIONS.



It was the custom of the former time to construct roads on a straight line, with a preference for uphill and down, and engineers refused to make a circuit of twenty yards to secure level ground. There were two advantages in this uncompromising principle of construction, and it may be doubtful which commended itself most to the mind of our fathers. Roads were drained after the simplest fashion, because a standing pool in the hollow had more than a compensation in the dryness of the ascent and descent, while the necessity of sliddering down one side and scrambling up the other reduced driving to the safe average of four miles an hour—horse-doctors forming a class by themselves, and being preserved in their headlong career by the particular Providence which has a genial regard for persons who have too little sense or have taken too much liquor. Degenerate descendants, anxious to obtain the maximum of speed with the mimimum of exertion, have shown a quite wonderful ingenuity in circumventing hills, so the road between Drumtochty Manse and Tochty Lodge gate was duplicated, and the track that plunged into the hollow was now forsaken of wheeled traffic and overgrown with grass.

* Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

"This way, Kate; it's the old road, and the way I came to kirk with my mother. Yes, it's narrow, but we 'ill get through and down below—it is worth the seeing."

So they forced a passage where the overgrown hedges resisted the wheels, and the trees, wet with a morning shower, dashed Kate's jacket with a pleasant spray, and the rail of the dog-cart was festooned with tendrils of honeysuckle and wild geranium.

"There is the parish kirk of Drumtochty," as they came out and halted on the crest of the hill, "and though it be not much to look at after the Norman churches of the south, it's a brave old kirk in our fashion, and well set in the Glen."

For it stood on a knoll, whence the ground sloped down to the Tochty, and it lay with God's acre around it in the shining of the sun. Half-a-dozen old beeches made a shadow in the summertime, and beat off the winter's storms. One standing at the west corner of the kirkyard had a fuller and sweeter view of the Glen than could be got anywhere save from the beeches at the Lodge; but then nothing like unto that can be seen far or near, and I have marvelled why painting men have never had it on their canvas.

"Our vault is at the east end, where the altar was in the old days, and there our dead of many generations lie. A Carnegie always prayed to be buried with his people in Drumtochty, but as it happened, two out of three of our house have fallen on the field, and so most of us have not had our wish.

"Black John, my grandfather, was out in '45, and escaped to France. He married a Highland lassie orphaned there, and entered the French service, as many a Scot did before him since the days of the Scots Guards. But when he felt himself a-dying, he asked leave of the English government to come home, and he would not die till he laid himself down in his room in the tower. Then he gave directions for his funeral, how none were to be asked of the county

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folk but Drummonds and Hays and Stewarts from Blair Athole and such like that had been out with the Prince. And he made his wife promise that she would have him dressed for his coffin as he fought on Culloden field, for he had kept the clothes.

"Then he asked that the window should be opened that he might hear the lilting of the burn below; and he called for my father, who was only a young lad, and commanded him to enter one of the Scottish regiments and be a loyal kingsman, since all was over with the Stewarts.

"He said a prayer and kissed his wife's hand, being a courtly gentleman, and died listening to the sound of the water running over the stones in the den below."

"It was as good as dying on the field," said Kate, her face flushing with pride; "that is an ancestor worth remembering; and did he get a worthy funeral?"

"More than he asked for; his old comrades gathered from far and near, and some of the chiefs that were out of hiding came down, and they brought him up this very road, with the pipers playing before the coffin. Fifty gentlemen buried John Carnegie, and every man of them had been out with the Prince.

"When they gathered in the stone hall you 'ill see soon, his friend-in-arms, Patrick Murray, gave three toasts. The first was 'the king,' and every man bared his head; the second was 'to him that is gone;' the third was 'to the friends that are far awa;' and then one of the chiefs proposed another, 'to the men of Culloden;' and after that every gentleman dashed his glass on the floor. Though he was only a little lad at the time, my father never forgot the sight.

"He also told me that my grandmother never shed a tear, but looked prouder than he ever saw her, and before they left the hall she bade each gentleman good-bye, and to the chief she spoke in Gaelic, being of Cluny's blood and a gallant lady.

"Another thing she did also which the lad could not forget, for she brought down her husband's sword from the room in the turret, and Patrick Murray, of the House of Athole, fastened it above the big fireplace, where it hangs unto this day, crossed now with my father's, as you will see, Kate, unless we stand here all day going over old stories."

"They're glorious stories, dad; why didn't you tell them to me before? I want to get into the spirit of the past and feel the Carnegie blood swinging in my veins before we come to the Lodge. What did they do afterwards, or was that all?"

"They mounted their horses in the courtyard, and as each man passed out of the gate he took off his hat and bowed low to the widow, who stood in a window I will show you, and watched till the last disappeared into the avenue; but my father ran out and saw them ride down the road in order of threes, a goodly company of gentlemen. But this sight is better than horsemen and swords."

They were now in the hollow between the kirk and the Lodge, a cup of greenery surrounded by wood. Behind, they still saw the belfry through the beeches; before, away to the right, the grey stone of a turret showed among the trees. The burn that sang to Black John ran beneath them with a pleasant sound, and fifty yards of turf climbed up to the cottage where the old road joined the new and the avenue of the Lodge began. Over this ascent the branches met, through which the sunshine glimmered and flickered, and down the centre came a white and brown cow in charge of an old woman.

"It's Bell Robb, that lives in the cottage there among the bushes. I was at the parish school with her, Kate—she's just my age—for we were all John Thamson's bairns in those days, and got our learning and our licks together, laird's son and cottar's daughter.

"People would count it a queer mixture nowadays, but there were some advantages in the former parish school idea; there were lots of cleverer subalterns in the old regiment, but none knew his men so well as I did. I had played and fought with their kind. Would you mind saying a word to Bell . . . just her name or something?" for this was a new life to the pride of the regiment, as they called Kate, and Carnegie was not sure how she might take it. Kate was a lovable lass, but like every complete woman, she had a temper and a stock of prejudices. She was *bon camerade* with all true men, although her heart was whole, and with a few women

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that did not mince their words or carry two faces; but Kate had claws inside the velvet, and once she so handled with her tongue a young fellow who offended her that he sent in his papers. What she said was not much, but it was memorable, and every word drew blood. Her father was never quite certain what she would do, although he was always sure of her love.

"Do you suppose, dad, that I'm to take up with all your friends of the jackdaw days? You seem to have kept fine company." Kate was already out of the dog-cart, and now took Bell by the hand.

"I am the General's daughter, and he was telling me that you and he were playmates long ago. You 'ill let me come to see you, and you 'ill tell me all his exploits when he was John Carnegie?"

"To think he minded me, an' him sae lang awa' at the weary wars." Bell was between the laughing and the crying. "We're lifted to know oor laird's a General, and that he's gotten sic honour. There's nae bluid like the auld bluid, an' the Carnegies cud aye afford tae be hamely.

"I AM THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER."

"Ye're like him," and Bell examined Kate carefully; "but a' can tell yir mither's dochter, a weel-faured mettlesome lady as wes ever seen; wae's me, wae's me for the wars," at the sight of Carnegie's face; "but ye 'ill come in to see Marjorie. A'll mak her ready," and Bell hurried into the cottage.

"Marjorie has been blind from her birth. She was the pet of the school, and now Bell takes care of her. Davidson was telling me that she wanted to support Marjorie off the wages she earns as a field hand on the farms, and the parish had to force half-a-crown a week on them; but hear this."

"Never mind hoo ye look," Bell was speaking. "A' canna keep them waitin' till ye be snoddit."

"Gie me ma kep, at ony rate, that the minister brocht frae Perth, and Drumsheugh's shawl; it wudna be respectfu' to oor Laird, an' it his first veesit;" and there was a note of refinement in the voice, as of one living apart.

"Yes, I'm here, Marjorie," and the General stooped over the low bed where the old woman was lying, "and this is my daughter, the only child left me;

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you would hear that all my boys were killed."

"We did that, and we were a' wae for ye; a' thocht o' ye and a' saw ye in yir sorrow, for them 'at canna see ootside see the better inside. But it 'ill be some comfort to be in the hame o' yir people aince mair, and to ken ye've dune yir wark weel. It's pleasant for us to think the licht 'ill be burnin' in the windows o' the Lodge again, and that ye're come back aifter the wars.

"Miss Kate, wull ye lat me pass ma hand ower yir face, an' then a'll ken what like ye are better nor some 'at hes the joy o' seein' ye wi' their een. . . . The Glen 'ill be the happier for the sicht o' ye; a' thank ye for yir kindness to a puir woman."

"If you begin to pay compliments, Marjorie, I'll tell you what I think of that cap; for the pink is just the very shade for your complexion, and it's a perfect shape."

"Ma young minister, Maister Carmichael, seleckit it in Muirtown, an' a' heard that he went ower sax shops to find one to his fancy; he never forgets me, an' he wrote me a letter on his holiday. A'body likes him for his bonnie face an' honest ways."

"Oh, I know him already, Marjorie, for he drove up with us, and I thought him very nice; but we must go, for you know I've not yet seen our home, and I'm just tingling with curiosity."

"You 'ill not leave without breakin' bread; it's little we hae, but we can offer ye oat-cake an' milk in token o' oor loyalty;" and then Bell brought the elements of Scottish food; and when Marjorie's lips moved in prayer as they ate, it seemed to Carnegie and his daughter like a sacrament. So the two went from the fellowship of the poor to their ancient house.

They drove along the avenue between the stately beeches that stood on either side and reached out their branches, almost but not quite unto meeting, so that the sun, now in the south, made a train of light down which the General and Kate came home. At the end of the beeches the road wheeled to the right, and Kate saw for the first time the dwelling-place of her people. Tochty Lodge was of the fourth period of Scottish castellated architecture, and till it fell into disrepair was a very perfect example of the sixteenth century mansion-house, where strength of defence could not yet be dispensed with, for the Carnegies were too near the Highland border to do without thick walls or to risk habitation on the ground floor. The buildings had first been erected on the L plan, and then had been made into a quadrangle, so that on the left was the main part, with a tower at the south-west corner over the den, and a wing at the south-east coming out to meet the gate. On the north-east and north were a tower and rooms now in ruins, and along the west ran a wall some six feet high with a stone walk three feet from the top, whence you could look down on the burn. A big gateway, whose doors were of oak studded with nails, with a grated lattice for observation, gave entrance to the courtyard. In the centre of the yard there was an ancient oak and a draw well whose water never failed. The eastern face was bare of ivy, except at the north corner, where stood the jackdaws' tower; but the rough grey stone was relieved by the tendrils and red blossoms of the hardy tropiolum which despises the rich soil of the south and the softer air, and grows luxuriantly on our homely northern houses. As they came to the gateway, the General bade Kate pull up and read the scroll above, which ran in clear-cut stone letters—

TRY AND THEN
TRVST·BETTER GVDE
ASSVRANCE
BOT TRUST NOT
OR·YE·TRY·FOR·FEAR
OF·REPENTANCE.

"We've been a slow dour race, Kit, who never gave our heart lightly, but having given it, never played the traitor. Fortune has not favoured us, for acre after acre has gone from our hands, but, thank God, we've never had dishonour."

"And never will, dad, for we are the last of the race."

Janet Macpherson was waiting in the deep doorway of the tower, and gave Kate welcome as one whose ancestors had for three generations served the Carnegies, since the day Black John had married a Macpherson.

"Calf of my heart," she cried, and took Kate in her arms. "It iss your foster-mother that will be glad to see you in the home of your people, and will be praying that God will give you peace and good days."

Then they went up the winding stone stair, with deep, narrow windows, and

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came into the dining-hall where the fifty Jacobites toasted the king and many a gathering had taken place in the olden time. It was thirty-five feet long by fifteen broad, and twenty-two feet high. The floor was of flags over arches below, and the bare stone walls showed at the windows and above the black oak panelling which reached ten feet from the ground. The fireplace was six feet high, and so wide that two could sit on either side within. Upon the mantelpiece the Carnegie arms stood out in bold relief under the two crossed swords. One or two portraits of dead Carnegies and some curious weapons broke the monotony of the walls, and from the roof hung a finely wrought iron candelabra. The western portion of the hall was separated by a screen of open woodwork, and made a pleasant dining-room. A door in the corner led into the tower, which had a library, with Carnegie's bedroom above, and higher still Kate's room, each with a tiny dressing closet. For the Carnegies always lived together in this tower, and their guests at the other end of the hall. The library had two windows. From one you could look down and see nothing but the foliage of the den, with a gleam of water where the burn made a pool, and from the other you looked over a meadow with big trees to the Tochty sweeping round a bend, and across to the high opposite banks covered with brush-wood. First they visited Carnegie's room.

JANET MACPHERSON WAS WAITING IN THE DEEP DOORWAY.

"Here have we been born, and died if we did not fall in battle, and it's not a bad billet after all for an old soldier. Yes, that is your mother when we were married, but I like this one better," and the General touched his breast, for he carried his love next his heart in a silver locket of curious design.

Three fine deerskins lay on the floor, and one side of the room was hung with tapestry; but the most striking piece of furnishing in the room was an oak cupboard, sunk a foot into the wall.

"I'll show you something in that cabinet after luncheon, Kate; but now let's see your room."

"How beautiful, and how cunning you have been," and then she took an inventory of the furniture, all new, but all in keeping with the age of the room. "You have spent far too much on a very self-willed and bad-tempered girl, and all I can do is to make you promise that you will come up here sometimes and let me give you tea in this window-seat, where we can see the woods and the Tochty."

"Well, Donald," said the General at table to his faithful servant, "how do you think Drumtochty will suit you?"

"Any place where you and Miss Kate

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will be living is a good place for me, and there are six or maybe four men I hef been meeting that hef the language, but not good Gaelic—just poor Perthshire talk," for Donald was a West Highlander, and prided himself on his better speech.

"And what about a kirk, Donald? Aren't you Free like Janet?"

"Oh, yes, I am Free; but it iss not to that kirk I will be going to here, and I am telling Janet that she will be caring more about a man that has a pleasant way with him than about the truth."

"What's wrong with things, Donald, since we lay in Edinburgh twenty years ago, and you used to give me bits of the Free Kirk sermons?"

"It iss all wrong that they hef been going these last years, for they stand to sing and they sit to pray, and they will be using human hymns. And it iss great pieces of the Bible they hef cut out, and I am told that they are not done yet, but are going from bad to worse," and Donald invited questioning.

"What more are they after, man?"

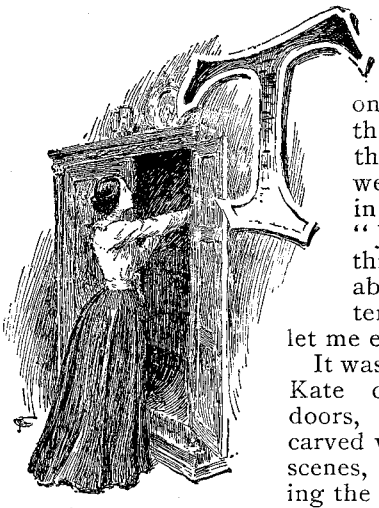
"It will be myself that has found it out, and it iss only what might be expected, but I am not saying that you will be believing me."

"Out with it, Donald; let's hear what kind of people we've come amongst."

"They've been just fairly left to themselves, and the godless bodies hef taken to watering the whisky."

CHAPTER IV.

A SECRET CHAMBER.



"THE cabinet now, dad, and at once," when they went up the stairs and were standing in the room. "Just give me three guesses about the mystery; but first let me examine."

It was pretty to see Kate opening the doors, curiously carved with hunting scenes, and searching the interior, tapping with her knuckles and listening for a hollow sound.

"Is it a treasure we are to find? Then that's one point. Not in the cabinet? I have it; there is a door into some other place; am I not right?"

"Where could it be? We're in a tower cut off from the body of the Lodge, with a room above and a room below;" and the General sat down to allow full investigation.

After many journeys up and down the stair, and many questions that brought no light, Kate played a woman's trick up in her room.

"The General wishes to show me the concealed room in this tower, Janet, or whatever you call it. Would you kindly tell us how to get entrance? You needn't come down; just explain to me;" and Kate was very pleasant indeed.

"Yes, I am hearing there is a room in the tower, Miss Kate, that strangers will not be able to find; and it would be very curious if the Carnegies did not have a safe place for an honest gentleman when he was in a little trouble. All the good houses will have their secret places, and it will not be easy to find some of them. Oh no; now I will remember one at Glamis Castle. . . ."

"Never mind Glamis, nurse, for the General is waiting. Where is the spring? is it in the oak cabinet?"

"It will be good for the General to be resting himself after his luncheon, and he will be thinking many things in his room. Oh yes," continued Janet, settling herself down to narrative, and giving no heed to Kate's beguiling ways, "old Mary that died near a hundred would be often telling me stories of the old days when I wass a little girl, and the one I liked best wass about the hiding of the Duke of Perth."

"You will tell me that to-morrow, when I come down to see your house, Janet, and to-day you 'ill tell me how to open the spring."

"But it would be a pity not to finish the story about the Duke of Perth, for it goes well, and it will be good for a Carnegie to hear it." And Kate flung herself into the window-seat, but was hugely interested all the same.

"Mary was sitting at her door in the evening, and that would be three days after Culloden, for the news had been sent by a sure hand from the Laird, when a man came riding along the road,

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and as soon as Mary saw him she knew he was somebody ; but perhaps it will be too long a story," and Janet began to arrange dresses in a wardrobe.

" No, no ; as you have begun it, I want to hear the end ; but quick, for there's the room to see and the rest of the Lodge before it grows dark. What like was he ?"

" He wass a man that looked as if he would be commanding, but his clothes were common grey, and stained with the road. He wass very tired, and could hardly hold himself up in the saddle, and his horse wass covered with foam.

" ' Is this Tochty Lodge ? ' he asked, softening his voice as one trying to speak humbly. ' I am passing this way, and have a message for Mistress Carnegie ; think you that I can have speech of her quietly ? '

" So Mary will go up and tell the lady that one wass waiting to see her, and that he seemed a noble gentleman. When they came down to the courtyard he had drawn water for his horse from the well, and wass giving him to drink, thinking more of the beast that had borne him than of his own need, as became a man of birth.

" At the sight of the lady he took off his bonnet and bowed low, and asked if he might have a private audience, to which Mistress Carnegie replied, ' We are private here,' and asked, ' Have you been with my son ? '

" ' We fought together for the Prince three days since—my name is Perth. I am escaping for my life, and desire a brief rest, if it please you, and bring no danger to your house.'

" ' Ye had been welcome, my Lord Duke,' and Mary used to show how her mistress straightened herself, ' though you were the poorest soldier that had drawn his sword for the good cause, and ye will stay here till it be safe for you to escape to France.'

" He was four weeks hidden in the room, and although the soldiers searched all the house, they could never find the place, and Mrs. Carnegie put scorn upon them, asking why they did her so much honour and whom they sought. Oh yes, it wass a cunning place for the bad times, and you will be pleased to see it."

" And the secret, Janet," cried Kate, her hand upon the door ; " you know it quite well."

" So does the General, Catherine of my heart," said Janet, " and he will be liking to show it himself."

So Kate departed in a rage, and gave orders that there be no more delay, for she would not spend an afternoon seeking for rat-holes.

" No rat-hole, Kit, but a very fair chamber for a hunted man ; it is twenty years and more since this door opened last, for none knows the trick of it save Janet and myself. There it goes."

A panel in the back of the cabinet slid aside behind its neighbour and left a passage through which one could squeeze himself with an effort.

" We go up a stair now, and must have light ; a candle will do ; the air is perfectly pure, for there's plenty of ventilation ;" and then they crept up by steps in the thickness of the walls, till they stood in a chamber under six feet high, but otherwise as large as the bedroom below. The walls were lined with wood, and there were two tiny slits that gave air, but hardly any light. The only furniture in the room was an oaken chest, clasped with iron and curiously locked.

" Our plate chest, Kit ; but there's not much silver and gold in it, worse luck for you, lassie ; in fact, we're a pack of fools to set store by it. There's nothing in the kist but some old clothes, and perhaps some buckles and such like. I dare say there is a lock of hair also. Some day we will have a look inside."

" To-day, instantly," and Kate shook her father. " You are a dreadful hypocrite, for I can see that you would rather Tochty were burned down than this box be lost. Are there any relics of Prince Charlie in it ? Quick."

" Be patient ; it's a difficult key to turn ; there now ;" but there was not much to see—only pieces of woollen cloth tightly folded down.

" Call Janet, Kate, for she ought to see this opening, and we 'ill carry everything down to my room, for no one could tell what like things are in this gloom.

" Yes, Perth lived here for weeks, and used to go up to the gallery where Black John's mother sat with her maid ; but the son was hiding in the North, and never reached his house till he came to die."

First of all they came upon a ball dress of the former time, of white silk, with a sash of Macpherson tartan, besides much fine lace.

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"IT'S A DIFFICULT KEY TO TURN."

"That is the dress your grandmother wore as a bride at the Court of Versailles in the seventies. She was only a lassie, and seemed like her husband's daughter. The Prince danced with her, and they counted the dress something to be kept, and that night Lochiel and Cluny also had a reel with Sheena Carnegie, while Black John looked like a young man, for he had been too sorely wounded to be able to dance with her himself." And then the General carried down with his own hands a Highland gentleman's evening dress, trews of the Royal tartan, and a velvet coat with silver buttons, and a light plaid of fine cloth.

"And this was her husband's dress that night; but why the Stewart tartan?"

"No, lassie, that is the suit the Prince wore at Holyrood, where he gave a great ball after Prestonpans, and danced with the Edinburgh ladies. It was smuggled across to France at last with other things of the Prince's, and he gave it to Carnegie.

"It will remind you of our great days," he said, "when the Stewarts saw their friends in Mary's Palace."

Last of all, the General lifted out a casket and laid it on his table. Within it was a brooch, such as might once have been worn either by a man or a woman; diamonds set in gold, and in the midst a lock of fair hair.

"Is it really, father? . . ." And Kate took the jewel in her hand.

"Yes, the Prince's hair—his wedding present to Sheena Macpherson."

Kate kissed it fervently, and passed it to Janet, who placed it carefully in the box, while the General made believe to laugh.

"Your mother wore the brooch on great occasions, and you will do the same, Kit, for auld lang syne. There are two or three families left in Perthshire that will like to see it on your breast."

"Yes, and there will maybe be more than two or three that will like to see the lady that wears it." This from Janet.

"Your compliments are a little late, and you may keep them to yourself, Janet; it would have been kinder to tell me. . . ."

"Tell you what?" And the General looked very provoking.

"I hate to be beaten." Kate first looked angry, and then laughed. "What else is there to see?"

"There is the gallery, which is the one feature in our poor house, and we will try to reach it from the Duke's hiding-place, for it was a cleverly designed hole, and had its stair up as well as down." And then they all came out into one of the strangest rooms you could find in Scotland, and one that left a pleasant picture in their minds who had seen it lit of a winter night, and the wood burning on the hearth, and Kate dancing a reel with Lord Hay or some other brisk young man, while the General looked on from one of the deep window recesses.

The gallery extended over the hall and Kate's drawing-room, and measured fifty feet long from end to end. The upper part of the walls was divided into compartments by an arcading, made of painted pilasters and flat arches. Each compartment had a motto, and this was on one side of the fireplace:

A · nice · wyfe · and
A · back doore
Oft · maketh · a rich
Man · poore.

And on the other:

Give liberalye
To neidfvl · folke ·

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Denye · nane · of ·
Them · al · for · litle
Thow · knawest · heir
In · this lyfe · of what
Chaunce · may · the
Befall.

The glory of the gallery, however, was its ceiling, which was of the seventeenth century work, and so wonderful that many learned persons used to come and study it. After the great disaster when the Lodge was sold and allowed to fall to pieces, this fine work went first, and now no one examining its remains could have imagined how wonderful it was, and in its own way how beautiful. This ceiling was of wood, painted, and semi-elliptical in form, and one wet day, when we knew not what else to do, Kate and I counted more than three hundred panels. It was an arduous labour for the neck, and the General refused to help us; but I am sure that we did not make too many, for we worked time about, while the General took note of the figures, and our plan was that each finished his tale of work at some amazing beast, so that we could make no mistake. Some of the panels were circles, and they were filled in with coats-of-arms; some were squares and they contained a bestiary of that day. It was hard indeed to decide whether the circles or the squares were more interesting. The former had the arms of every family in Scotland that had the remotest connection with the Carnegies, and besides swept in a wider field, comprising David, King of Israel, who was placed near Hector of Troy, and Arthur of Brittany not far from Moses—all of whom had appropriate crests and mottoes. In the centre were the arms of our Lord Christ as Emperor of Judea, and the chief part of them was the Cross. But it came upon one with a curious shock to see this coat among the shields of Scottish nobles. There were beasts that could be recognised at once, and these were sparingly named; but others were astounding, and above them were inscribed titles such as these; Shoe-lyon, Musket, Ostray; and one fearsome animal in the centre was designated the Ram of Arabia. This display of heraldry and natural history was reinforced by the cardinal virtues in seventeenth century dress: Charitas as an elderly female of extremely forbidding aspect, receiving two very imperfectly clad children; and Temperantia as a furious-looking person—male on the whole rather than female—pouring some liquor—surely water—from a jug into a cup, with averted face, and leaving little to be desired. The afternoon sun shining in through a western window and lingering among the black and white tracery, so that the marking of a shield came into relief or a beast suddenly glared down on one, had a weird, old-world effect.

"It's half an armoury and half a menagerie," said Kate, "and I think we 'ill have tea in the library with the windows open to the Glen." And so they sat together in quietness, with books of heraldry and sport and ancient Scottish classics and such like round them, while Janet went out and in.

"So Donald has been obliged to leave his kirk;" for Kate had not yet forgiven Janet. "He says it's very bad here; I hope you won't go to such a place."

"What would Donald Macdonald be saying against it?" enquired Janet, severely.

"Oh, I don't remember—lots of things. He thought you were making too much of the minister."

"The minister iss a good man, and hass some Highland blood in him, though he hass lost his Gaelic, and he will be very pleasant in the house.

"If I wass seeing a sheep, and it will be putting on this side and that, and quarrelling with everybody, do you know what I will be thinking?"

"That's Donald, I suppose; well?"

"I will say to myself, that sheep iss a goat." And Janet left the room with the laurels of victory.

(*To be continued.*)

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LIVING CRITICS.

IV.—Mr. R. H. Hutton.

There is probably no English journal that wields a stronger influence over thoughtful men than the *Spectator*. There is, moreover, none that has more marked and recognisable characteristics of its own. In both its great departments of politics and literature the *Spectator* has for many years struck an unmistakable note. To have distinguished itself from other papers by exaggeration or violence of style and tone would have been comparatively easy; but neither in its political nor in its literary articles is the *Spectator* guilty of excess. We may differ from its views, but we must acknowledge the fairness of its intention and the almost invariable moderation with which that intention is expressed. The *Spectator* has, as much as any individual man, a character of its own; but it is a character which, like some of the creations of dramatic genius, impresses us rather by its even good sense, and sanity, and calm intelligence, than by the abnormal development of a few traits. To have stamped such a character upon the great paper, and to have won for it the respect of so many well-educated readers, is no small exploit. The men who have performed it are men worthy of study. They are more than merely clever, or able, or talented men. They must, of course, be that first of all; but they must, moreover, have the power of sympathy and the faculty of leadership. They have moulded others in their own image, or have given them a complexion, as Nature herself dictates, as it were, the colour of her creatures. The *Spectator is* the *Spectator;* it is not a mere collection of essays issued periodically by one publishing house.

Mr. R. H. Hutton modestly describes his own as much the smaller share in this remarkable work—the high estimate of which here given is mine, not his. But at any rate, to have had a share in it at all marks Mr. Hutton as something more than an individual critic. He is not to be measured merely by the work, important as it is, which bears his own name. He is also the head of what may fairly be called a school. Consciously or unconsciously, he has influenced the majority, at least, of the numerous writers who must have collaborated in the weekly literary articles of the *Spectator*. This is the first point to be insisted upon in an appreciation of Mr. Hutton as a critic. We must put to his credit not only all that is of merit in his writings, but that personal power which he has wielded over others.

Probably if we can explain this power we shall have a clue to the explanation also of Mr. Hutton's own literary work. The less is included within the greater; and, highly as I esteem Mr. Hutton's writings, I suspect (and to any one not in the secrets of the *Spectator* it can only be a conjecture) that he has done even greater work as an editor than he has as an author. We must ask, then, what are the qualities necessary to such success. In the first place, the editor who impresses *himself* upon men will probably prove to be a man of many interests. Men are, as a rule, first attracted by what is like themselves; they may be afterwards won to respect and perhaps to imitate what is unlike. Now, variety of interest is certainly one of the features of Mr. Hutton's literary work. His style is not particularly flexible, but the range of his subjects is wide. His *Studies in Parliament* prove that he has not wholly confined himself to the province of literature; he is widely known as a writer on theological topics; and there is great diversity of theme even in his more strictly literary essays.

It would be a mistake to regard Mr. Hutton as the exponent of a literary craft, viewed as a thing apart. To him, rules of art are always in intimate relation to rules of life. Thus, in his extremely able and interesting essay on "Goethe and his Influence," he criticises Goethe for the *un*moral character of his genius and work. It has often been done, but it has rarely been done so well; and of course Mr. Hutton avoids the Philistine fallacy that every

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work of art must have "a moral," a sort of tag to catch the eye of those who cannot read between the lines. His complaint is that in Goethe there is nothing—of the moral kind—between the lines to read Here there is some exaggeration. In the character of Faust, for example, we may detect more of a moral foundation than Mr. Hutton perceives. But there is also a solid basis of truth in his view; and perhaps its principal fault lies, not so much in any positive error, as in the partial insensibility displayed to the fascination of the pure intellect. Goethe's critical detachment and his ability to fix "his eye on nature's plan" as an observer, not as an actor, are qualities outside the sphere of Mr. Hutton's sympathies. He understands, but he does not like; he is repelled rather than attracted.

We are led therefore to notice that the rules of life in relation to which Mr. Hutton always views the rules of art are of a specially theological cast. He is himself quite conscious of this characteristic of his work, and he frankly avows that the principles upon which his literary criticisms are founded are as theological as those of the theological essays themselves. The phraseology is accurate, and it points to a limitation which would not have been indicated had it been possible to say that the principles in question are as *religious* as those of the essays dealing with religion. There is perhaps something too much of dogma in the background of Mr. Hutton's criticism; and it is partly this that stops the flow of his sympathy towards Goethe. It must be added, however, that Mr. Hutton's sympathy, though not limitless, is wide; if it were not, he could hardly have done the work as an editor with which I have credited him. Mr. Hutton can appreciate and praise generously those who dissent from even his most cherished theological beliefs. George Eliot rejected Christianity, but few have estimated her work more highly than he. Matthew Arnold rejected it likewise—at least as it is taught by the Churches; but we may safely say that there is no critic who has so long and so steadily as Mr. Hutton maintained the greatness of Arnold's poetry. Both these writers attract him—Arnold, because the critic has detected the poet's deep sympathy with the creed his intellect compels him to reject, and the rapt tone so frequent in his verse. George Eliot, again, attracts him because of the spectacle of a moral nature very deep and strong labouring to exist without a God. Mr. Hutton does not believe in the possibility of doing so, and he thinks the very appearance of success is due to the unconscious use of those principles and beliefs which George Eliot denies. The interest in the effort is not destroyed, it is even increased for the critic by his conviction of its ultimate futility. The English writers, unlike Goethe, are themselves engaged in the conflict, and it is for this reason that they are in the critic's mind discriminated from Goethe.

There is clearly a certain loss involved in Mr. Hutton's building his criticism on a theological substructure. Very many in the present day dispute the intellectual soundness of that substructure; still more would maintain that, sound or not, it must be tried by tests which he and those who think with him would hardly accept. But on the whole, as compared at least with criticisms of art, as a thing completely detachable from the other interests of life, the gain outweighs the loss. Nearly all the criticism that is remembered has a reach far beyond the sphere of purely technical questions, or of the mere analysis of beauty. Goethe, Coleridge, Lamb, Ste.-Beuve, Scherer, Arnold, all agree in laying a broad intellectual foundation for their criticism. Goethe, the greatest of them, is distinguished above the rest for his wide intellectual sweep; and Aristotle, the one man greater than even Goethe, who ever examined the groundwork of literary art, is also, appropriately, the one man who surpasses him in the range of his critical principles. Mr. Hutton, though he is not the equal of these giants, is by virtue of his method associated with this honourable company.

We find then that the most prominent features of Mr. Hutton's criticism are variety of interest and a sympathy, comprehensive indeed, but not entirely catholic. The unifying principle is given by theology, and theology determines likewise the limits of the sympathy. When there is no strong theological reason for either sympathy or antipathy his preferences are first for men of wholesome tone, and secondly, for men who to literary talent unite a comprehension of public life. The absence

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of complete wholesomeness accounts for an occasional asperity in the judgment on Carlyle. The wholesomeness of Wordsworth is part of the secret of Mr. Hutton's admiration for him. His admiration for Arnold, too, is all the higher because he is convinced that the poet's meditative melancholy never saps his manliness; there is an "irrepressible buoyancy" behind it all. But above all it is illustrated, as is likewise the second point, by the excellent monograph on Scott. Mr. Hutton responds in a moment to the manly simplicity of Scott. So do most critics who have the least touch of a similar quality in themselves. So did even Carlyle, who never failed more hopelessly, or was more conspicuously wrong-headed, than in his essay on Scott. But it has spurred few to labour, as Mr. Hutton has laboured, to understand Scott the man, even more perhaps than Scott the author. *Sic sedebat* is the touchingly simple inscription on the seated statue of Scott in the vaults of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. By its very brevity, by the absence of name, or date, or further specification, it indicates the personal appeal Scott makes to so many. No one can doubt who "he" is, and every one wishes to know how he used to sit, and all about him. Since Lockhart's great *Life* no writer on Scott has shown more clearly than Mr. Hutton the force of this personal interest. His book is conspicuous in the series to which it belongs as almost the only one which gives an impression of the man even more than of the writer. Perhaps its only rival in this respect is the volume in the same series which deals with Johnson.

But, as I have said, Mr. Hutton's treatment of Scott illustrates also his preference for men who, while they are men of letters, love to take an outlook into public life. He justly commends Scott on the ground that "you can hardly read any novel of Scott's and not become better aware what public life and political issues mean." He is here, perhaps unconsciously, praising Scott for observing in the novel the principle he himself observes in criticism. If good criticism must be wider than any mere body of technical rules, still more must good creative art go beyond its apparent limits. In this no doubt Mr. Hutton is reflecting his own life and experiences. His journalistic connections, his contact with many men and many phases of life, have confirmed what was probably an inherent tendency of mind, and made him look abroad for truth. Happily for him, those connections have been of the best kind. That he has always and in all his writings escaped the evils associated with journalism, it would be too much to say. But he has been saved—if he ever was in peril—from the parochial narrowness which is the besetting danger of perhaps all except the very highest circles of pure literature. There is no crowd, said Keats, more vulgar than the literary crowd. Mr. Hutton has none of this vulgarity, because he has learned to live and to think with statesmen and men of the world as well as with men of letters.

Hugh Walker.

AGE AND YOUTH.

Yonder apart he dreams who once to fray
The swiftest sped, now white and slow and still:
Sudden a girl's voice wakes him with a thrill
Like antique Memnon touched by rising day.

Philip Becker Goetz.

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BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

XII.—THE IMAGINATION.

The Lady of Shalott, sitting in her tower, looked into her magic mirror and saw the whole world go by—monk, maiden, priest, knight, lady, and king. In the mirror of the imagination not only the world of to-day, but the entire movement of human life moves before the eye as the throngs of living men move on the streets. For the imagination is the real magician, of whose marvels all simulated magic is but a clumsy and mechanical imitation. It is the real power, of which all material powers are very inadequate symbols. Rarely taken into account by teachers, entirely ignored by educational systems and philosophies, it is the divinest of all the powers which men are able to put forth, because it is the creative power. It uses thought, but, in a way, it is greater than thought, because it builds out of thought that which thought alone is powerless to construct. It is, indeed, the essential element in great constructive thinking; for while we may have thoughts untouched by the imagination, one cannot think along high constructive lines without its constant aid. Isolated thoughts come unattended by it, but the thinking which issues in organised systems, in comprehensive interpretations of things and events, in those noble generalisations which have the splendour of the discovery of new worlds in them, in those concrete embodiments of idea which we call works of art, is conditioned on the use of the imagination. Plato's Dialogues were fashioned by it as truly as Homer's poems; Hegel's philosophy was created by it as definitely as Shakespeare's plays, and Newton and Kepler used it as freely as Dante or Rembrandt.

Upon the use of this supreme faculty we depend not only for creative power, but for education in the highest sense of the word; for culture is the highest result of education, and the final test of education is its power to produce culture. Goethe was in the habit of saying that sympathy is essential to all true criticism; for no man can discern the heart of a movement, of a work of art, or of a race who does not put himself into heart relations with that which he is trying to understand. We never really possess an idea, a bit of knowledge, or a fact of experience until we get below the mind of it into the heart of it. Now, sympathy in this sense is the imagination touched with feeling; it is the imagination bringing thought and emotion into vital relation. In the process of culture, therefore, the imagination plays a great part; for culture, it cannot too often be said, is knowledge, observation, and experience incorporate into personality and become part of the very nature of the individual. The man of culture is pre-eminently a man of imagination; lacking this quality, he may become learned by force of industry, or a scholar by virtue of a trained intelligence, but the ripeness, the balance, the peculiar richness of fibre which characterise the man of culture will be denied him. The man of culture, it is true, is not always a man of creative power; but he is never devoid of that kind of creative quality which transforms everything he receives into something personal and individual. And the more deeply one studies the work of the great artists, the more distinctly does he see the immense place which culture in the vital, as contrasted with the academic, sense held in their lives, and the great part it played in their productive activity. Dante, Goethe, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell were men possessed in rare degree of culture of both kinds; but Shakespeare and Burns were equally men of culture. They shared in the possession of this faculty of making all they saw and knew a part of themselves. Between culture of this quality and the creative power there is something more than complete unity; there is almost identity, for they seem to be two forms of activity of the same power rather than distinct faculties. Culture enables us to receive the world into ourselves, not in the reflection of a magic mirror, but in the depths of a living soul; to receive that world in such a way that we possess it, it ceases

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to be outside us and becomes part of our very nature. The creative power enables us to refashion that world and to put it forth again out of ourselves, as it was originally put forth out of the life of the divine artist. The creative process is, therefore, a double process, and culture and genius stand in indissoluble union.

The development of the imagination, upon the power of which both absorption of knowledge and creative capacity depend, is, therefore, a matter of supreme importance. To this necessity educators will some day open their eyes, and educational systems will some day conform; meantime, it must be done mainly by individual work. Knowledge, discipline, and technical training of the best sort are accessible on every hand, but the development of the faculty which unites all these in the highest form of activity must be secured mainly by personal effort. The richest and most accessible material for this highest education is furnished by art, and the form of art within reach of every civilised man, at all times, in all places, is the book. To these masterpieces, which have been called the books of life, all men may turn with the assurance that as the supreme achievements of the imagination they have the power of awakening, stimulating, and enriching it in the highest degree. For the genuine reader, who sees in a book what the writer has put there, repeats in a way the process through which the maker of the book passed. The man who reads the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* with his heart as well as his intelligence must measurably enter into the life which these poems describe and interpret; he must identify himself for the time with the race whose soul and historic character are revealed in epic form as in a great mirror; he must see life from the Greek point of view, and feel life as the Greek felt it. He must, in a word, go through the process by which the poems were made as well as feel, comprehend, and enjoy their final perfection. In like manner the open-hearted and open-minded reader of the Book of Job cannot rest content with that noble poem in the form which it now possesses; the imaginative impulse which even the casual reading of the poem liberates in him sends him behind the finished product to the life of which it was the immortal fruit; he enters into the groping thought of an age which has perished out of all other remembrance, he deals with a problem which is as old as man from the standpoint of men who have left no other record of themselves. In proportion to the depth of his feeling and the vitality of his imagination he must saturate himself with the rich life of thought, conviction, and emotion, of struggle and aspiration, out of which the greatest of the poems of nature took its rise. He must, in a word, receive into himself the living material upon which the unknown poet worked. In such a process the imagination is evoked in full and free play; it insensibly reconstructs a life gone out of knowledge; selects, harmonises, unifies, and, in a measure, creates. It illuminates and unifies knowledge, divines the wide relations of thought, and discerns its place in organic connection with the world which gave it birth.

The material upon which this great power is nourished is specifically furnished by the works which it has created. As the eye is trained to discover the line of beauty by companionship with the works in which it is revealed with the greatest clearness and power, so is the imagination developed by intimacy with the books which disclose its depth, its reality, and its method. The reader of Shakespeare cannot follow the leadings of his masterly imagination without feeling a liberation of his own faculty of seeing things as parts of a vast order of life. He does not gain the poet's creative power, but he is enlarged and enriched to the point where his own imagination plays directly on the material about it; he receives it into himself, and in the exact measure in which he learns the secret of absorbing what he sees, feels and knows, becomes master and interpreter of the world of his time, and restorer of the world of other times and men. For the imagination, playing upon fact and experience, divines their meaning and puts us in possession of the truth and life that are in them. To possess this magical power is to live the whole of life and to enter into the heritage of history.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

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SHALL AND WILL AGAIN.

A Reply to Mr. Barr.

Mr. Robert Barr's paper on Shall and Will in the December Bookman is so delightful a bit of whimsy that it is perhaps better to make no serious comment upon it. Yet, as true words are often spoken in jest, so jestful words are not seldom taken for true; and Mr. Barr's screed, in effect, preaches a doctrine dangerous to the dignity and beauty of the English tongue.

The delicate, sensitive use of *shall* and *will*—and more broadly, the delicate sensitive use of English words as a whole—is the very touchstone of style. A feeling for the *nuances* of language, for the niceties of mood, tense, and form which imply its historic life, is and ever has been the hall-mark of the good and the great writer. Although it is a fact that English has, in the rough attrition of the centuries, become a speech comparatively uninflectional, it is also to be kept in mind that sufficient of the historical past of English remains to allow of a host of subtle word-uses harking back to good old custom and revered with the best traditions. English to-day is by no means the "grammarless tongue" which Richard Grant White, in a chapter condemned by all philologists, once declared it to be. The right manipulation of *shall* and *will* is just one of the cases in point, showing the writer's literary culture, his instinctive grasp of reputable speech-modes. I do not hesitate to say, categorically, that no great English stylist can be mentioned who does not uniformly prove himself a master of the very different shadings gained by the proper handling of these auxiliary words. Contrariwise, their mishandling always bespeaks the lack of literary experience. I have before me a letter from the editor of a well-known monthly, in which *shall* and *will* are placidly interchanged from Alpha to Omega. The impression of vulgarity made by this stylistic defect is as strong as if I should see the writer use his knife in lieu of his fork at table.

Nor is the philosophy of *shall* and *will* such a deep or difficult thing. The following simple table tells the whole story, and should bother neither Mr. Barr nor any one else:

I shall Thou wilt He will We shall You will They will	Expresses futurity.
I will Thou shalt He shall We will You shall They shall	Expresses volition.

This exposition, illuminated by a few examples, can be made part and parcel of one's scientific knowledge in five minutes' time, so that, thereafter, the statement in a letter that "I will be pleased to see you," shall grate (as it should grate) upon your linguistic nerves, and you shall be able to say why it is wrong—because volition is implied where the expression of pure futurity was intended. Newspaper English is notorious for this failing, and it is a *bêtise* which is spreading, woe worth the day!

But not for a moment do I mean to claim that a self-conscious, analytical explanation of the use of *shall* and *will* is necessary to the avoidance of sin. Not at all. The writer who is naturally called to literature, and whose commerce with great books is wide and deep, will handle this problem, as he will others, by instinct. Intuition, not analysis, will guide him. A thorough immersion in the main stream of English literature, together with due exercise in the craft of writing, will make it impossible to admit such a blemish upon the fair page of one's style. Very interesting, and calling for a special word of reply, is Mr. Barr's reference to the Scotch inability to discriminate between *shall* and *will*. Concerning this, it may be said that there is no evidence in the older English literary monuments that the Scotch (*i.e.*, Northern English) were careless about the handling of these auxiliaries. The dialectical variations

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between Northern, Midland, and Southern English in the twelfth century and afterwards exhibits no such weakness. Moreover, I make bold to claim that no Scotch writer in modern times of the first rank is indifferent to the clearly defined distinction between *shall* and *will*. Stevenson is a Scot, and surely a great stylist, a master of exquisite English; safe to say that his work may be searched up and down, through and around for a single misuse of this locution. When in the *Vailima Letters* (vol. ii., p. 55) he says, "I will not allow it to be called *Uma* in book form," we can rest assured that he meant *will*, the expression of a very decided personal decision, and not *shall*, which would have given the sentence a totally different and paler colour. Nay, I believe Mr. Barr humorously exaggerates his own incapability to grapple with these words. He is too good a writer not to have the feeling for style sufficient, for example, to make him know *instanter* that the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," with its imperious flavour and obvious volitional quality, becomes changed when written "Thou wilt not steal," where we get simply an unimpressive predication as to thieving in time to come. This is an extreme example, but a perfectly fair one.

It is, then, important to keep alive a sense of the respective colours of *shall* and *will* in English style. The difference is based firmly upon an historic development, and has been perpetuated and adorned by the choicest and happiest writers for some six hundred years. The tyro, the vulgarian and the provincial will always be detected in such misuses as these, and the integrity and purity of the mother tongue can be conserved only by a recognition of such-like felicities of diction. Whether we come at the truth through the head by grammar, or through the heart by the assimilation of literature, matters not much. But it will be a bad day for English style when the ears of our reputable makers of essays, poems, and stories are not keen to those flagrant abuses of the tongue well exemplified in the modern jugglery with *shall* and *will*.

Richard Burton.

ENIGMATICAL MOLLY.

Quaint little Molly, delighting to tease,
Sits while I read to her under the trees,
Her mischievous eyes solely bent on the book,
With a prim and demure intellectual look,
But when I attempt to imprison her hand,
Quaint little Molly does not understand!

When I say she is "distant" she tries to look grave:
Pray, how in the world would I have her behave?
Then I artfully seek to make matters more clear
By showing that "distant" means "not very near;"
My sage definition in vain I extend,
For dear little Molly does not comprehend!

When she plays the piano with exquisite art,
Revealing the wealth of her womanly heart,
I muse in my soul if she ever can know
Why a nocturne of Chopin should sadden me so:
'Tis the little musician, I long to explain,
Who's the cause of my vague, indefinable pain.

Then she gives me a pansy, ere homeward I go,
In my button-hole daintily fastened just so:
But what says her heart when I tell her the thought
Which the magical touch of her fingers has wrought?
Should I question a sphinx it would answer as well;
For wise little Molly refuses to tell!

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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PARIS LETTER.

One was amused to read in the papers, after Alexandre Dumas's death, the narratives about him which were contributed by so many correspondents. From these narratives of interviews and so on the reader must have formed the opinion that Dumas was a man as accessible to strangers as are most contemporary men of letters, and fully as appreciative of the value of *réclame*. Such an opinion is an erroneous one, for there was not perhaps in Paris—not excepting the President of the French Republic—a man more inaccessible than was Dumas. He disliked and avoided not the *vulgus* alone, but mankind in general. The reason of his dislike was an inherent one; it was made up partly of *morgue* and partly of nervousness. His manner was cold and reserved. I do not remember ever to have seen him unbosom himself. Stay! Once I did so see him, and that was on the first occasion on which I saw him. That was many years ago. I had corresponded with him, but, knowing his aversion to strangers, I had never approached him. One day, however, I was asked by a friend to procure for Lady Dorothy Neville the signature of Alexandre Dumas *fils* in her birthday book, a book which contains the autograph of almost everybody of high rank or of high distinction who has lived and had his being during the last sixty years. (I had already procured for this same book the last signature that Victor Hugo ever wrote; in fact, it was to write his name there that he took pen in hand for the very last time—some days before his death.) It was the sort of thing one does not readily do for one's self; more willingly, however, for others. By some mistake as to the entrances to the house in the Avenue de Villiers, I got into Dumas's kitchen instead of into his hall. The cook, who received me, sent my note and Lady Dorothy's birthday-book upstairs, and accommodated me with a chair. She took me, I believe, for some one for a charity; a man who had called for a subscription with a little book. She told me that it was very unlikely I should get anything, and, being in an amiable mood, entertained me while I was waiting with her conversation. It appeared that I had called just at Dumas's luncheon-hour, and had come into the kitchen just as preparations were being made for an omelette. It was an omelette invented, so the cook told me, by Monsieur's father, into the composition of which red pepper entered largely, as to which she remarked that there was no accounting for individual tastes. I spent an amusing quarter of an hour listening to her gossip and to the remarks of the other servants, none of whom seemed particularly well-disposed towards their master. There was full material there to furnish a contributor to a "society paper" with at least a page of personal paragraphs as spiced as was the omelette of *feu le père de Monsieur*. Our conversation was, however, interrupted by the arrival of Dumas himself. He appeared at the head of the stairs, and the first indication I had of his presence was a loud laugh. He called me upstairs, and conducted me to his study, and was laughing all the way. No doubt he had lunched comfortably, and was in a eupeptic humour. For my part, I never could understand what so tickled his fancy. He said that it was very droll that I should have been sitting in his kitchen, and he said that he was sure—in spite of my protestations—that I would publish in the American paper to which I was then acting as Paris correspondent a full account of "Dumas's House Below Stairs." At the same time he begged me not to betray the recipe of his father's omelette. He then wrote his name in Lady Dorothy's book, and kept me chatting on all kinds of subjects for over an hour. I often saw him afterwards, both at his house and in society, but, as I have said before, his manner was always cold and reserved. I knew that he was very sensitive about his birth, and bore a grudge against society for its manifestly unjust attitude towards children who, like himself, are born out of wedlock. I have conversed with him on the subject of illegitimacy, and I remember that I once pleased him by describing somebody as somebody else's natural father, when one usually would have referred to the latter as the former's natural son. He said that the description would sound well in a play. He was

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a sentimental man *au fond*, as indeed most cynics are, and each year used to carry flowers to the cemetery to adorn the grave of the heroine of the *Dame aux Camélias*—an action which was certainly not dictated by a feeling of gratitude—as has been maliciously suggested—for the excellent material both pictorial and dramatic supplied by the career of Marguérite the frail and the fair.

One is not surprised that, in spite of the large debt owed to him by the French public, Dumas's character should have been so much attacked since his death. He was not *sympathique*, and a habit he had of neglecting his correspondence gave a good deal of offence. In the last years of his life he had made it his rule never to open any letters the handwriting on which was unfamiliar to him. About a year ago I received a long letter from him, in answer to one of mine in which I had complained of not having received any answer to a previous communication, in which he told me that he had at that time in his study considerably over five hundred letters which he had not opened and did not expect to open. People do not like such Napoleonic treatment of their communications, and many must have borne a grudge against Dumas.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, whom formerly I frequently used to visit. He was emphatically a "grand old man," fully as worthy of the title of "le grand Français" as was my poor old friend Ferdinand de Lesseps. His was a splendid example of the hygienic value of temperance and steady hard work. Almost all his time was spent in his study, which was comfortably, even luxuriously furnished. A peculiarity of his was that all the year round he kept a bright wood fire burning in this room, which made a visit to him in the summer somewhat of an ordeal to less chilly mortals. But he was so amiable, so interesting, so admirable to contemplate that one always enjoyed a call at the little house in Passy. He was especially courteous towards Englishmen, and expressed for British policy unbounded admiration. He described our occupation of Egypt as a benefit not only to that country but to civilisation, and this was the political topic upon which he was most eloquent. It is not surprising that, holding such views on this subject, he should have been very unpopular in Paris, but I do not remember ever to have heard any aspersion on his private character. He was a boon to journalists, and especially to foreign correspondents, for he was always ready to speak on political matters, but only on such matters as to which he was fully informed. He always refused to express himself on questions which he had not studied. The last letter which I received from him—written in a firm hand—was to tell me that he could not enlighten me on a certain point. "And," he added, "you know that I never speak except *en connaissance de cause*." One hopes that his life may be written, for guidance and example. If life is worth living at all, surely it is such a life as was lived for upwards of ninety years by Barthélemy de St. Hilaire.

Apropos, I hardly can believe that St. Hilaire was the page who carried the news of the birth of the King of Rome to the Empress Josephine. The King of Rome was born in 1811, and in that year Barthélemy de St. Hilaire was about seven years old.

Jules Moinaux, who died at the beginning of this month, was a police-court reporter who had raised his craft to the dignity of an art. He used to seize on the comic side of any case which he heard, and develop the trivial story into a fine piece of humour. Later he invented cases and contributed a long series of "Tribunaux Comiques" to the papers. These sketches were afterwards republished in book form. More than a score of these volumes were published, each running into many editions. Poor Moinaux, however, had higher ambitions, and tried his hand at writing novels. But the public had "nailed him to the specialty" (to use Max Nordau's phrase) of comic police-court reporting, and would have none of his other books. This embittered his life, and here again the man who was a jester in public was in private a very unhappy man.

In connection with the dispute between M. Paul Bourget and his publisher over the latter's account of copies of *Outre-Mer* sold, a proposal mooted some years by Hector Malot has once more been under discussion in literary circles in Paris. Malot having reason to doubt his publisher's accounts, proposed that the author should be entitled to affix to

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each copy of his book a stamp, which he would obliterate by signing his name across it. No copies were to be sold without such a stamp ; unstamped copies to be treated as pirated. The scheme was backed by the Société des Romanciers, but it never came into practice. Some publishers expressed themselves quite ready to agree to such a condition, others declared that such a proposal was a deliberate insult to them ; Zola refused to co-operate. "You can't expect me to waste my time in signing my name in each of the 100,000 copies of the various editions of each of my books." Ollendorff said that it would be difficult for him to send Pierre Loti's books after him—say to Japan—for the purpose of obtaining his signature. Similar objections were everywhere urged, and the plan fell through. It strikes me as impracticable, though no doubt book-buyers would like to see it put into practice. Who would not prefer his copy of a favourite novel signed by the author?

In one respect the English author has the advantage over his French *confrère*. It is a rule in French printing-houses that a certain number of copies of any book printed belong by right of custom to the "chapel"—the members of which drink to the health of the author and to the success of the book on the proceeds of these copies.

It is a sign of the times that there is shortly to be issued in Paris a French argot dictionary. Dictionaries of argot into French have long existed, Delvan's *Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte* being perhaps the best, and Barrère's *Argot and Slang*. Now a demand has risen for a book by the help of which the young *pschutteux* or *pschutteuse* may be able to translate the French into slang, so as to give a thoroughly *fin de siècle* flavour to his remarks or hers.

An excellent book, giving the history of the novel in France during the whole of the nineteenth century, has recently been published by Calmann-Lévy. It is a valuable addition to any library.

Daudet's *Soutien de Famille* will not be finished until the spring. People say that it contains some of the best work he has yet done.

Zola will as usual set his name down as a candidate for the fauteuil at the Academy which has been vacated by the death of Alexandre Dumas. I do not think that he has the slightest chance of success. Academicians, even those in sympathy with him, disapprove of his persistence, which looks like an attempt to force their hands. Dumas, by the way, was next to François Coppée, Zola's warmest supporter for the Academy.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

From the French of José-Maria de Heredia.

Their eyes beheld below the palace height
  Where Egypt lay in sultry slumber deep,
  Where o'er the Delta dark the river steep
Towards Saïs or Bubastis rolls thick might.
The Roman cuirassed heavy as in fight,
  Warrior and captive wooing infant sleep,
  Against his victor heart felt fall and leap
Voluptuous her heart in close delight.
Moving her pale brow, wreathed with tresses brown,
Towards him whose senses her sweet perfumes drown,
  She raised her lips and lucent orbs, and o'er
  Her bending low the ardent emperor
Beheld in those wide eyes, gold-starred as night,
One boundless sea, where sped a fleet in flight.

Philip Becker Goetz.

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NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

The effect of the publication of Matthew Arnold's letters will be to increase respect for him, by supplementing the impression of his books with more direct and various knowledge of his personality in certain aspects that found imperfect reflection in either his verse or prose. He was believed to be supercilious, hard, and narrow; but the first two of these epithets will not longer be applied to him in an unqualified way, and the question of his narrowness becomes simplified. His sense of superiority, which was felt to be offensive, was college-bred and a part of his academic, even his Oxford nature, and his hardness turns out to be a hardness of opinion only and not of character. On the unliterary side he gains as a man in ordinary human relations, and becomes essentially of a persuasive, if not a winning type—one of those natures in which there is an attractive and to some an overmastering charm. It is seldom that a writer who has published so much and for so long a time is so materially served by the private records of his life; in this instance the letters of his daily composition are an addition to the stores of literature, and particularly on the side of character.

Matthew Arnold was of too complex a make to permit of any ready analysis of his nature or any brief presentation of its elements, nor do these volumes afford material for such an estimate. To take the most marked deficiency in the letters, he was of permanent interest in literature as a poet; but these are not the letters of a poet. It is true that they exhibit sensitiveness to the milder elements of landscape, but no more than belongs to a cultivated man without the gift of poetry; and, in general, they show no traces of that inward life of the emotions, that heat and luminousness of temperament, that grace and weight of phrase which characterise the intimate and personal records of poets' lives. One must go to Arnold's poems to find the "faculty divine;" and to say that is to limit the range of these letters in the most important phase of his interest to literature. On the other hand, much, too, that is here is in no way characteristic of his life as different from other lives; the story of his long labour in the schools, honourable and instructive as it is, does not place him apart; others, hundreds of others, lived just such lives in the routine of their mill-round; and the large portion of the letters which is concerned with such details, whatever its educational interest, does not lift him as an inspector and commissioner into the place of public discussion. The substantive part of the volumes, however, does present him in certain well-defined personal ways which can be lightly touched on.

The deepest impression is made by the public spirit he everywhere and unceasingly shows. In a true sense, he was a public man. As his father's son he would instinctively mould his life upon this plan, and his circumstances favoured his development along its lines. He was, merely as a school inspector, brought into constant contact with many parts of the population and with men of all kinds; and, as a Foreign Commissioner on Education, he saw several State systems on the Continent in a way to inform and stimulate his civic interest; and the subject of education itself, which was his lifelong topic for almost daily work and thought, is one intimately bound up with the modern State throughout its vital system. With his tastes and training, his imagination and his historic sense, it was inevitable that he should become, as he did, in such surroundings, a critic of civilisation, mainly of its English phase, but incidentally of its foreign states also. He was not only a critic; he meant to make his ideas prevail, and was a conscious reformer. He took the practical side of the matter with the greatest seriousness. The language he uses concerning himself, in connection with his hopes of influence, touches the verge of discretion. "I mean," he writes in 1864, "to deliver the middle class out of the hand of their Dissenting ministers;" and again, in 1869, in connection with the Irish Church Bill, he writes:

* Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848–88. Collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell. 2 vols. New York; Macmillan & Co. $3.00.

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"The Protestant Dissenters will triumph, as I was sure they would. But I am equally sure that, out of the House and the fight of politics, I am doing what will sap them intellectually, and what will also sap the House of Commons intellectually, so far as it is ruled by the Protestant Dissenters; and more and more I am convinced that this is my true business at present." He began, early in manhood, with an unflattering view of the state of civilisation in his own country; and he undertook to give them what he thought they most needed —the great gift of "intelligence." He declares that he made his statements clear, incisive, and unflinching, as an incident to the polemical mission of his pen; and he meant to attract attention by his satire—the satire which he invented. Perhaps the striking thing in all this is not that he believed himself a crusader, but that he is so solitary in his crusade. He never writes as if he had fellows, or any small band of followers with him; he stands alone and hews away with his single sword at the great dragon. It is very fine, but it looks very lonesome, and meanwhile for the others, whose egoistic attitude was not unlike his own, for Ruskin and Carlyle he has only an averted eye, congratulating the one that in evening dress his fancy is forbidden to wander through the world of coloured cravats, and commenting upon the other that the English people did not need any sermons on "earnestness." What one feels is the thorough conviction of Arnold that he is doing the one thing needful for England, and doing it with all his might; and, similarly in the case of other nations, if he dislikes our country and thinks the Belgians the most despicable people in Europe, and is much bored by the Teutons wherever found, and is not quite sure about the French being saved either, all this is of one piece with his ever-present sense of the desperate condition of the "Protestant Dissenters" and those who are above and below them. His influence was certainly great in the minds of his readers, and he liberalised others by adding, at least, his own to their original narrowness; for it cannot but be allowed that his range is as narrow in the academic way as that of the Protestant Dissenters in the ecclesiastical way, nor can this be regretted since it was necessary for the work he had to do that his mind should be of a rifle-bore. He was, however, a soldier of fortune, and unattached to any command; and one result is that one looks for the continuers of his work in vain. If, as he said, the Broad Church among the clergy died with Arthur Stanley, did not his own untimely departure take the issue of Philistinism out of the English arena? He has left a noble example of public devotion and of perfect intellectual bravery in a fighting cause; nothing that has been said above is meant to limit that truth; but his example rather than his principles seem to survive, and possibly one reason is that he put his principles into the form of phrase and watchword, telling at the time, but phrase and watchword—such words as "culture" and "barbarians" and "sweetness and light"—a generation soon wears thin, and tepid imitators have now dissolved them away.

Next to Arnold's public spirit and the ways into which it led him, his asides as a literary critic are the passages of broadest interest. It is marvellous how he found any time or strength, in an existence so bound down to labour of a different kind, to attend to literature, and his conditions must be held to bear the blame, if any there be, for the small amount of poetry that he produced in comparison with his contemporaries. He did, however, make a lasting reputation as a critic of literature in widely different fields, and the wonder is that he obtained such a survey as he did. His knowledge was certainly neither catholic nor profound, as is plain in his essays. The letters often show the essays germinating in his mind, but they add little of opinion in detail or of general principle. A few brief sentences occur here and there, which, though transparently honest, were not, it must be remembered, deliberately so stated for the world to read. He thought George Sand the greatest spirit in Europe since Goethe, and he tells us the letters of De Musset to her were those "of a gentleman of the very first water." He dismisses Mrs. Browning, naturally anti-pathetic to him, by saying: "I regard her as hopelessly confirmed in her aberration from health—nature, beauty, and truth." Burns, too: "Burns is a beast, with splendid gleams, and the medium in which he lived, Scotch peasants, Scotch Presby-

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terianism, and Scotch drink, is repulsive." Swinburne was, when first seen, "a pseudo-Shelley," and always using one hundred words to the service of one. But there are very few of these remarks, by the way; the letters are not explicitly literary in interest; one concludes that Arnold said all he had to say in his essays and used up the stock of his knowledge and ideas as rapidly as he accumulated it. What he says of Tennyson must be quoted: "I do not think Tennyson a *grand et puissant esprit;* and therefore I do not really set much store by him, in spite of his popularity." This was in 1864, and there is more of the same sort both before and after. The marked passage of all is the following: "My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet because I have, perhaps, more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn, as they have had theirs." This is exceedingly interesting biographically, and being in a home-letter is relieved of any appearance of undue egotism that it might otherwise bear. Arnold, as a poet, has certainly been accepted with much greater authority and even popularity in his class than seemed likely at the time of the publication of his principal verse. Such limitations as he had in criticism, as shown above, however, are neither different nor greater than his essays themselves exhibit.

It is when we come to the last and greatest interest of these letters, to that which will be perennial so long as Arnold's name is remembered, that we find ourselves grateful without qualification for the gift his family have here made to literature; these volumes have dignified its records with a singularly noble memory of private life. Few who did not know Arnold personally could have been prepared for the revelation of a nature, so true, so amiable, so dutiful. In every relation of private life he is here shown to have been a man of exceptional constancy and plainness. The letters are mainly home-letters; but a few friendships also have yielded up their hoard, and thus the circle of private life is made complete. Every reader must take delight in the mental association with Arnold in the scenes of his existence, thus daily exposed, and in his family affections. A nature, warm to its own, kindly to all, cheerful, fond of sport and fun, and always fed from pure fountains, and with it a character so founded upon the rock, so humbly serviceable, so continuing in power and grace, must wake in all the responses of happy appreciation and leave the charm of memory. Here was a man, to take only the kernel of the whole, who did his duty as naturally as if it required neither resolve nor effort, nor thought of any kind for the morrow, and he never failed, seemingly, in act or word or sympathy, in little or great things; and when to this one adds the clear æther of the intellectual life where he habitually moved in his own life apart, and the humanity of his home, the gift that these letters bring to us may be appreciated. It is the man himself, but set in the atmosphere of home, with sonship and fatherhood, sisters and brothers, and children and children's children, with the bereavements of years fully accomplished and of those of babyhood and boyhood—a sweet and wholesome English home, with all the cloud and sunshine of the English world drifting over its roof-tree, and the soil of England beneath its stones, and English duties for the breath of its being; to add such a home to the household rights of English literature is perhaps something from which Arnold would have shrunk, but it endears his memory.

George E. Woodberry.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S NEW VOLUME.*

Mr. William Watson exercises the judgments of the day, as many worse and better writers have done before him. It is the extreme difficulty of

* The Father of the Forest, and other Poems. By William Watson. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

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placing him in his proper position that embarrasses the critics, and has so far succeeded in separating the literary world into two camps. There are fanatics upon either side; he has been as much be-littled as be-lauded; and even to-day, after the interval of some years, the two parties face each other with some bitterness. The truth is that Mr. Watson had the misfortune to be thrust upon the world by over-excited friends. They were too lavish with their admiration, and nothing must suit but the round world must go join the exulting chorus of worship. The pæan of welcome was too loud and ample; from generous it grew rather to be effusive, until in the end the poet himself ran the hazard of losing his head and accepting the mandate his enthusiasts would force upon him. And this indiscreet eulogy has aroused in opposition a no less ungenerous detraction. Mr. Watson has been declared to possess all the gifts, and to lack a single talent. He has been received by the *Spectator* as the finest voice since Milton, and ridiculed by caustic cynics for a feeble echo of the greater dead. One may be quite certain that the truth lies well within these boisterous extremes.

And yet it is more than a little hard to define the area of his scope as a poet. But the plainest fact taken from a regard of his published works is that his lyrical faculty is weak and halting; in truth, that he is not a lyric poet at all. We have only to consider the two mild and inoffensive poems classed in the present volume under the head of Lyrics, to be persuaded of this defect in Mr. Watson's qualifications.

"I do not ask to have my fill
Of wine, or love, or fame.
I do not, for a little ill,
Against the gods exclaim.

"One boon of Fortune I implore,
With one petition kneel:
At least caress me not, before
Thou break me on thy wheel."

This is immaculately phrased, but has not the faintest lyrical suggestion. It wholly lacks that lilt of emotion, that fervour of persuasion, that single-mindedness which go to compose the lyrics of our real lyrists—Tennyson, Swinburne, Shelley, even Browning, and Wordsworth himself. For Wordsworth, beneath his phlegmatic mental currents, was capable of that fountain-gush, as it were, of feeling to which a lyrical outburst may be compared. One is tempted to think that Mr. Watson recognises, even if he does not wholly realise, this deficiency in himself. In the "Apologia" which concludes this volume, and which constitutes a personal defence against his critics, he ventures to say:

"Unto such as think all Art is cold,
All music unimpassioned, if it breathe
An ardour not of Eros' lips, and glow
With fire not caught from Aphrodite's breast,
Be it enough to say, that in man's life
Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement, unbegot
E'en of the purer nuptials of the soul;
And one not pale of blood, to human touch
Nor tardily responsive, yet may know
A deeper transport and a mightier thrill
Than comes of commerce with mortality,
When, rapt from all relation with his kind,
All temporal and immediate circumstance,
In silence, in the visionary mood
That, flashing light on the dark deep, perceives
Order beyond this coil and errancy,
Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone,
And hears the eternal movement, and beholds
Above him, and around, and at his feet,
In million-billowed consentaneousness,
The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world."

This fine passage, which in a way may be said to plead in excuse of lyrical deficiency, illustrates in its very excellence the summits and limits of Mr. Watson's true powers. His note has ostensibly been derived from Wordsworth, but is far too complex for this simple explanation. His mind is certainly of that chastened reflectiveness which mainly characterised Wordsworth. But Mr. Watson has brought something of his own to the fusion, and not a little of others. He is a very diligent, dexterous, and delicate craftsman, which certainly Wordsworth was not. His sentences are polished to perfection, and shine and glitter. There is an abundant precision of form about his verses which renders them indefinitely attractive upon the first glance. But there is more than this skill in Mr. Watson. He has a very remarkable equipment for a poet. Almost every talent or quality which is exacted in order to master the medium of his art he possesses in fulness. The most notable feature in his verse is its invariable dignity. He has, too, an austere grace in his periods which is wonderfully taking. And he employs a most felicitous sense of phrase. Instances may be picked out of every page. The collocation

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"tempestuous joy" is chosen with a sure hand; there is resonance and the echo of battle in "The long lines of imperial war;" "The vigils of Eternity, and Silence patient at my feet" wears the music of Tennyson. And here, again, are a few quite triumphant lines:

"The South shall bless, the East shall blight,
The red-rose of the Dawn shall flow;
The million-lilied stream of Night,
Wide in ethereal meadows flow;
And Autumn mourn; and everything
Dance to the wild pipe of the Spring."

Or here, again, is admirable phrasing, touched and improved with subtle appreciations:

"When, as yonder, thy mistress, at height of her mutable glories,
Wise from the magical East, comes like a sorceress pale.
Ah, she comes, she arises,—impassive, emotionless, bloodless,
Wasted and ashen of cheek, zoning her ruins with pearl."

With his fine ear Mr. Watson never makes a mistake in music, and the eloquence of his melodies is almost the most persuasive part of his high talents.

This real and great distinction of his work emphasises the regret that Mr. Watson's inspiration is not more individual. It seems that he has yet to reach his personal magic. Mr. Watson has taken it to heart that echoes of other poets have been said to resound in his pages. But surely this chagrin is unnecessary. No one accuses him of being "the sorry mime of their nobility." One may find memories of Tennyson, or Wordsworth, or Swinburne, or Keats, or Milton, without a thought of discredit to Mr. Watson or dishonour to these great poets. Such discoveries would mainly prove, were they genuine, that Mr. Watson has not yet come to his own, and, like all young poets, is affected by the noble traditions of English literature. That Mr. Watson may not yet take rank with these great names is as certain as that no one knows now what he may achieve in the future. At present it would appear as if craftsmanship was provided him in excess of inspiration. For example, a very strenuous, rich, and eloquent piece of work is the "Hymn to the Sea," yet it impresses one rather as a dignified and beautiful exercise than as a real achievement. Mr. Watson begins by professing to "capture and prison some fugitive breath of thy descant, Thine and his own as thy roar lisped, on the lips of a shell." Yet the poem cannot be said to breathe the sea. It is not maritime; we get neither sound nor scent, as we do in half-a-dozen of Mr. Swinburne's full-flowing verses, rough and fragrant with the salt sea-winds. We do not feel

"The teeth of the hard, glad weather,
The blown-wet face of the sea."

In short, Mr. Watson's "Hymn," full as it is of fine passages and comforting phrases, is not the offering of a faithful worshipper; it is the compliment of a polite stranger.

The ease and dignity of Mr. Watson's language are the very qualities by which he was first remarked as an epigrammatist. And he keeps still the faculty. His closes are invariably sounding. Here is one:

"Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world."

Again:

"Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and cancelled,
Man and his greatness survive, lost in the greatness of God."

Or, once more (to conclude a eulogy of Burns):

"And while, through adamantine doors,
In dreams flung wide,
We hear resound, on mortal shores,
The immortal tide."

The book, in short, conserves Mr. Watson's real reputation, and while it cannot be said to justify the extreme claims of his adherents, marks a genuine advance upon his earlier work.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND'S NEW NOVEL.*

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Garland's latest story is frankly realistic; it is a pleasure to add that it is well written, strong, and in the main wholesome. It is not particularly novel in conception, and perhaps derives its chief interest from its local colour; but the realists have long since accustomed us to this from the day when they began

* Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By Hamlin Garland. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.50 net.

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to use the methods of Balzac without his supreme knowledge of the human mind and heart. This is but to say that in its characters and its action Mr. Garland's story does not seem to me to be sufficiently marked by the inevitable and elemental qualities that characterise the poetry and fiction that we unhesitatingly call great; but it is not to affirm that we need despair of finding such qualities in future work from his honest and able pen. Indeed, I for one shall be surprised if Mr. Garland does not reach a very high position among our writers of fiction, for he has powers of imagination, style, and thought that are distinctly admirable and promising. He has a field of exploration, too, that is new and interesting, and he is absolutely unhampered by the provincial idea that our American life offers less striking opportunities to the novelist than that of the Old World. In short, what Mr. Garland chiefly needs to find in order to take his true position as a writer of fiction is a character or characters marked by elemental greatness, moving upon the inevitable line which is the resultant of the action and reaction of the human will and the mysterious force which we call fate or Providence. It may be some comfort to him and to ourselves to remember that Mr. Thomas Hardy, a writer of whom Mr. Garland not infrequently reminds us, did not make this discovery, so indispensable to the great novelist, until he began to write the story of Tess D'Urberville's tragic fate when he was upward of fifty years of age.

Rose of Dutcher's Coolly is a tale of the mid-West, its action taking place on a farm in Wisconsin, at the University of that State at Madison, and in Chicago. The heroine, who gives the book its somewhat bizarre title, is an idealised specimen of the farm-girl with capacities and aspirations above her station, whose life is laid open to us from her earliest infancy until her final solution of the problem of sex by marriage with a distinguished Chicago journalist at the age of twenty-three or four. This problem of sex worries Rose considerably, and evidently worries Mr. Garland, for it is cropping up continually in his book, oftentimes in seemingly unnecessary places, although it is only fair to add that his mind is not so dominated by it as Mr. Hardy's seems to have been in his latest story. I am far from suggesting that the problem of sex should be ignored in the work of any serious student of life; but I am not at all sure that it is necessary for a novelist to lay any great stress on the repeated effect upon his heroine of viewing the lithe, "clean" limbs of her masculine adorers. I have quoted the adjective "clean" because Mr. Garland seems extraordinarily fond of it. His men are more or less all "clean," and I find it impossible to take the epithet everywhere in a moral sense. Yet I can hardly believe that personal cleanliness is such a rare thing in the mid-West that it has to be accentuated. Be this as it may, Rose, with her problem of sex to solve, makes her way through a multitude of lithe, clean admirers in a very interesting manner. It matters little whether the means by which she gets to Madison and makes her *début* in Chicago might be used by a romancer without the least suspicion that they were realistic, for the description of her life at the university and of the impression that the rush and tumult of the great city make upon her is not merely realistic, but finely conceived and executed. No writer not endowed with high artistic capacity could have set so vividly before us Rose's graduation day, and no writer not in full sympathy with elemental humanity could have drawn so true and life-like a character as her whole-souled and simple father, John Dutcher, the farmer. The people whom the masterful young woman meets and takes captive in Chicago—the female physician, the moody, strenuous journalist (who reminds us of Knight, the reviewer, in Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes*)—are interesting enough, but they do not move the heart as the rough Wisconsin farmer does when his poetess daughter and her editor lover come across him weeping in the clover field for the loss of the child whom he has educated out of his own sphere of life. It is because Mr. Garland has drawn this character and conceived this scene, because in his descriptions he shows that he possesses the eye of a naturalist and the imagination of a poet, because he has a direct and vigorous style which is not without originality and charm, and, lastly, because he is so sincerely honest in the methods and purposes of his art that I regard this story of Western life as not only good in itself, but also indicative of

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its author's power to give us higher and finer work in the near future. It would be pleasant to quote in support of these views picturesque paragraphs and pregnant sentences, scattered as they are through this beautifully printed volume; but space is lacking, and gems suffer when torn from their setting. The reader may find them at his leisure; and I feel sure that when he has read the whole story he will share my opinion that a book so honest and strong and racy of the soil deserves the praise of all who are interested in the upbuilding of our national literature.

W. P. Trent.

PERSIA AND INDIA.*

The two books that we have before us cover in part the same ground, inasmuch as each opens with observations of travel in the Black Sea and in the regions adjacent to that classic body of water; and each gives a picture, from different points of view, of modern Persia and the Persians. Mr. Wilson, however, writes as one long a resident in the country, and therefore with an exact and intimate knowledge of the inner life of the people; while Mr. Weeks's is the narrative of a very clever and observant traveller who is also an artist, and who has a happy faculty of singling out the most striking and characteristic features of a country, and setting them down with all the zest of one to whom they are fresh and piquant. The result is that both volumes are extremely entertaining, and in so far as they are similar in subject, they very admirably supplement one another. Mr. Wilson, it should be said, does not write at all like the typical missionary, but with all the humour, liberality, and genial sympathy of a cultivated man of the world; so that nowhere in his book have we found a touch of the *banalité* that is usually to be expected in works like this. At the very outset the reader's attention is attracted by the author's amusing account of the Persian estimate of the United States. We are informed that there has prevailed a general impression that America is a place where gold grows upon trees, and which is peopled by descendants of Columbus and the red men:

"It is a strange country, without a king, and whose power they [the Persians] have never felt and scarcely recognise. The Shah is said to have asked, 'How many soldiers have the United States?' When told fifty thousand, he replied, 'It is not much of a country.' General Upton, when on a tour of the world, knew better how to impress His Majesty. To the same question he replied, 'Ten million.' The establishment of diplomatic relations between the two countries is tending to foster commerce and develop more intimate international acquaintance. The Chicago Exposition increased their knowledge of each other."

Mr. Wilson tells a story that is characteristic of the hasty assumptions often made by travellers:

"America is known as the New World. An American traveller in Persia heard repeatedly the phrase in Turki, 'Yanki-dun-ya dan di' (He is of the New World), which he was fond of interpreting as 'Yankee-Doodle dandy.' Perhaps some one may yet cite this as a legitimate etymology."

One can scarcely open the book anywhere without lighting upon something instructive or amusing. Mr. Wilson's account of the Russian oil-wells along the Black Sea is new and valuable. So is his narrative of the complications attendant upon the introduction of railways and telegraphs into the land of Xerxes. Very illuminating is what he has to say of the practical workings of polygamy. The general notion prevailing in Western countries is that the plural wives in the East are a gentle and submissive lot; but this book does not bear out the idea. The Persian wife pilfers her husband's property, commits adultery whenever she gets the chance, and makes the house a bedlam. Hence, a Persian proverb to the effect that "A man's worst enemy is his wife;" and another runs, "A dog is faithful; a woman never." A mollah of Tabriz preached a sermon in a mosque, of which the following is a typical passage:

"They tell us that there are dragons and scorpions in hell. I am not afraid of them. I have a worse hell on earth. My two wives with their jealousies, quarrellings, their demands for dress, etc., give me no peace. I could well leave them for other torments."

On the other hand, the women say, "When the gates of hell are opened, the Mussulman men will go in first." One of them remarked to Mrs. Wilson:

"Your Prophet did well for your women; ours did not. I shall have words with our

* Persian Life and Customs. By the Rev. S. G. Wilson, M.A. New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.75.

From the Black Sea through Persia and India. By Edwin Lord Weeks. Illustrated by the author. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

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Prophet when I see him in the next world, for giving men permission to have a plurality of wives."

Nevertheless, the Persian woman is intensely domestic in the sense that her whole life is bound up in her family, and she looks forward eagerly to marriage, especially if she be fat, in which case she knows that she will long retain her husband's favour. A married woman once came to the mission asking for medicine to make her stout. "Why," said some one, "your figure is good." "No," she answered; "my husband threatens to divorce me because I am not fat."

Mr. Wilson's account of the illimitable dishonesty and mendacity of the Persians is very striking, with the instances that he gives of their very original dodges for cheating. The whole chapter on business life is well worth reading. So, too, is his description of the Persian lepers, though their disease is really not leprosy, but elephantiasis. Space prevents us from dwelling further upon many other curious details in which the book abounds. We can only say that it is most readable throughout, and well worthy, too, of serious attention. Eight photogravures and a map add to its value.

Mr. Weeks is most entertaining in that portion of his volume that has to do with India. Admirers of Rudyard Kipling ought all to read his chapters on the land of the Babu and the Brahmin; or at any rate to look at the exquisite illustrations with which he has so lavishly embellished his text. Anything more artistic and beautiful than some of them we have yet to see in a work of travel. The magnificence of the Taj Mahal, which architectural experts regard as the æsthetic rival of the Parthenon, will be no mystery to one who has Mr. Weeks's fine drawings before his eyes; and there are besides innumerable pictures of rare bits of carving, of quaint Oriental gateways and balconies, of marble courts and plashing fountains, latticed windows, teak-wood doorways, and fantastic friezes that will set the artist wild. The life of the modern Hindu finds also ample illustration. Nautch girls, jugglers, snake-charmers, fakirs, native policemen, Afghans, flower-sellers, soldiers, tradesmen, and wallahs are all drawn from the life; while the Anglo-Indian element is represented by sketches of garden-parties, polo-matches, mess-tents, and ladies out shopping, wherein we can recognise Mrs. Golightly, the Gadsbys, and other Kiplingesque figures, over and over again. The text of Mr. Weeks's narrative is by no means merely an excuse for the pictures, but is always bright, modern, and entertaining; and the best compliment that we can pay it is to say that it will temporarily make the reader forget the rival attraction of the illustrations. The book as a whole is, in fact, one of the most charming volumes that the season has produced.

H. T. P.

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.*

The Days of Auld Lang Syne is the complement, not the supplement, much less the sequel, to *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*. The scene is indeed the same; the cast is substantially the old Drumtochty one—with, however, Lachlan Campbell and Donald Menzies left out of the action of the piece, though evidently looking on lovingly at the wings, and ready, as well-coached understudies, to rush in and do their best should Hillocks or Burnbrae or the redoubtable Drumsheugh himself break down. But the new play is essentially lay and mundane; there are in it no seventh heaven raptures, transfigurations, or sermon-tastings. A second reading of the book has left me in doubt as to whether there is any Free Kirk or any Dissent worth speaking of in Drumtochty. There is Burnbrae, to be sure, who would rather leave his farm than be disloyal to his Disruption creed. But even Burnbrae is a man of strong common sense as well as of earnest conviction. In another epoch he would probably have fought at Drumclog, and certainly at Dunkeld, though I should think not at Ayrsmoss. He was of the stock of whom Burns, in spite of his Moderatism—the Burns, by the way, of fact, not of Allan Cunningham—wrote:

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear,
But Sacred Freedom, too, was theirs;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer."

* The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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Besides, Burnbrae's battle is fought and won—the pulverisation of that rather too feeble caricature of Claverhouse, the English factor, is perhaps the best incident in a book full of good incidents—by Dr. Alexander Davidson, the parish minister, who is an old Moderate, in other words, a perfectly "straight," but not at all spiritualised layman, with a white tie, a very stiff upper lip, and a soldier's conception of loyalty to duty. Besides, all through *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, Hillocks, Burnbrae, Soutar, Drumsheugh, and all the rest, including even the Doctor, are thinking less of their ministers, texts, sermons, and "experiences," than of such completely terrestrial concerns as sales, crops, leases, weather, and old—but not cold—loves. *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* gave us the first-day-in-the-week Drumtochty; in *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* we have the parish as it is six days in seven, and the most of whose inhabitants are good churchmen—or Free Churchmen, as the case may be—whose "religion in common life" finds expression in silent action even more than in family worship.

It is perhaps because Drumtochty in its week-day clothes is more difficult of adequate portraiture than Drumtochty in its Sunday best, that I consider Ian Maclaren's new book a distinct advance on its predecessor. I think the transfiguration of Donald Menzies in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* trembles on the verge of unreality, and that the holder of the MacWhammel scholarship would have been truer to life, not to speak of conscience, had he preached his New Learning sermon—"Semitic environment" and all—rather than have acted in the possibly beautiful and certainly Carlylean way he did, even although he thereby pleased his aunt and the spirit of his mother. Here I find no unreality—although there is abundance of what Mr. Arnold in his ignorance of the depths of Scottish nature termed "intolerable pathos"—not even in the little tragedy of the servant-girl who went to London, or in the loves of the "close" Drumsheugh and the nippy-tongued Jamie Soutar. And this makes me hasten to say that while there is almost no spirituality, there is a great deal of emotion in *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. That emotion overflows its banks as often as the Tochty. As a matter of fact, Ian Maclaren, while obviously—never more obviously than in his new book—a humourist by nature, is a sentimentalist by mission. That is to say, he has set himself deliberately to lay bare the recesses of simple Scottish tenderness and love, to oppose these realities to the so-called realism of the Rougon-Macquart horrors, and—alas that one should have to say so!—of the Wessex of *Jude the Obscure*. And that he has succeeded is beyond doubt. In the death of Lily Grant in "A Servant Lass" the author is seen at his very best—better than in the death of the "lad o' pairts," which is to me a trifle too "exalted," or in the death of MacLure, which is too long drawn out. Jamie Soutar plays many parts excellently in this book, but his intrusion into "A Servant Lass," preventing it from becoming too depressingly sad, is perfect. Ian Maclaren is not always, it is true, up to the mark of "A Servant Lass." Drumsheugh's love-secret is too long and too elaborately sustained; I for one should have preferred him to remain a consistent curmudgeon to the end, instead of turning out a pilgrim of love in disguise. But above all things, excess of an essentially optimistic sentimentalism has induced him to make the one blunder of his new book, to pen the almost maudlin last chapter. Ian Maclaren can in most respects stand comparison with Mr. Barrie, but his "Oor Lang Hame" can only be contrasted, and unfavorably for its author, with the return of the "son from London" in *A Window in Thrums*, which appears to have suggested it. The appearance of this son in Thrums as a pariah, the agonies of his conscience, the little touches of neighbourly kindliness which ought to temper the boycotting of him as a moral leper by his old friends, but which in reality only add to its pangs, his return to London presumably to make a dreary best of it with "the woman who has played the devil with his life"—these constitute the most awful piece of real (for, being moral, it *is* real) Scottish tragedy that has ever been published. Compared with the return of Jamie McQuhumpha to Thrums, that of Chairlie Grant to Drumtochty, to Drumsheugh's heart, and—had that been necessary—to Drumsheugh's cheque-book, seems flat and almost poor.

If Ian Maclaren is a sentimentalist of

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set (and almost scientific) purpose, he is a humourist by nature. If *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* indicated this in unmistakable fashion, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* places the fact beyond all question. What is more, it demonstrates the variety as well as the quality of its author's humour. When he keeps it free from emotion as he does entirely in "A Triumph of Diplomacy," and almost entirely in "Good News from a Far Country," and in the "Nippy Tongue" section of Jamie Soutar's history, he comes nearer to Galt than any of his contemporaries, Mr. Barrie himself not excepted. I have said that "A Servant Lass" is Ian Maclaren's high-water mark as yet. But for pure and dry, but not ungenial drollery, there is nothing in this volume or in its predecessor to match Hillocks' ingenious devices to secure the renewal of his lease on good terms, or the successful efforts of the Drumtochty worthies to magnify their professor in a far country, who happily does not die like Domsie. Jamie Soutar's hits, as at the cockney temperance lecturer and the too confident evangelical preacher, are delicious. His end is perhaps a trifle overdone, and suggests the mendacious captain in "Peter Simple," who affirms with his last gasp that he has known a man live with the death rattle in his throat for six weeks. But it is eminently quotable and Dean Ramsayish. "Kirsty Stewart came to share the night watch with Elspeth, but neither presumed, till nearly daybreak, when Kirsty declared, with the just weight of her medical authority, that all was over. 'He hes the look, an' his hands are as cold as ice; feel his feet, wumman.' 'A' canna find them,' said Elspeth, making timid explorations. 'They used to be on the end o' ma legs,' remarked Jamie, as if uncertain where they might now be placed."

Mr. Watson's humour—I say Mr. Watson's rather than Ian Maclaren's advisedly—is, however, seen at its richest and ripest in his sketch of Archibald MacKittrick, otherwise "Posty." This is the best and most toughly Scottish character of the "carl hemp" order Mr. Watson has yet drawn—full of the national pride as well as the national humour, prone to small sinning in the way of an occasional dram, but fiercely "independent in his sinning," withal tender and, as his death shows, capable of giving away his life. "Past Redemption" is not so perfectly artistic as "A Servant Lass," but it is a very good second. Whether or not it be true, as rumour has it, that Ian Maclaren has said good-bye to Drumtochty, he has, in Hillocks, Jamie Soutar, Domsie, Burnbrae, Posty, and Drumsheugh (at all events Drumsheugh before he was found out), made most important additions to the portrait-gallery of that Scottish character which is nine tenths of Scottish national life, even although, being more given to self-effacement than to self-advertisement, it is only one tenth of its public history.

William Wallace.

"Q'S" NEW STORIES.*

Within the month Mr. Quiller-Couch has given us two new books. One is a novel called *Ia*, and the other is a volume of short stories entitled *Wandering Heath*. Coming thus together, they are to be compared not only with his foregoing work, but with each other.

As between the two, *Ia* seems more likely to win for the brilliant young Cornishman the larger audience that must wait upon a better acquaintance with his writings. Of these, American readers probably know best *Noughts and Crosses* and *The Splendid Spur*, and measured by these, *Wandering Heath* is somewhat disappointing. For while some of the new stories are marked by the same power, there is no apparent advance; and the work as a whole is less harmonious.

The chief cause of this loss of atmosphere appears to be a departure, sudden and far, from the writer's *milieu*. And it is certainly a long flight from Cornwall to Colorado, or California, or wherever in the West the scene of the longest story is laid. This Western story, "The Bishop of Eucalyptus," is good in its way; but it comes to us like a belated echo of Bret Harte, and looks as strangely out of place among these quaint tales of the Cornish coast as a sombrero would look on a fisherman's head. This is said, however, in full consciousness of the national prejudice against European

* Wandering Heath. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Ia. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

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"studies" of our own great West. Moreover, it is herewith confessed that the better they are done the more they are resented. But there can be nothing of the kind to discredit criticism of certain other stories which mar the distinctive quality of the work. "The Simple Shepherd," "A Young Man's Diary," and "The First Parish Mutiny" are all "as irrelevant as life itself," to quote from one of them; as incongruous where they are placed as pale pastels would be, painted on a frowning cliff.

But these aside, and the work that remains is such as *Noughts and Crosses* and *The Delectable Duchy* led us to expect. Bold, tender, humorous, and unique, it is thoroughly satisfying. In the first story particularly Mr. Quiller-Couch brings us to share without reserve the recently expressed opinion of Mr. Barrie, that "Q" has caught the magic, the tragic human voice of the sea beyond any other writer of his time. Its deepest note is sounded in the "The Roll-Call of the Reef." A more powerful appeal to the imagination can scarcely be conceived than the marshalling of these drowned hosts, on the beach at midnight by spirit trumpet and drum. The current of the author's intention seems to be always in this direction, toward the spiritual influence of the sea rather than toward its merely material aspect. Nor does he shrink from dealing boldly with the supernatural as a large and recognised element of life within the ocean's spell. Sometimes he touches it seriously, even reverently, as in "The Roll-Call of the Reef," thus producing fine, grave effects. Again, he treats it with such wild, whimsical humour, that —as in "My Grandfather, Hendry Watty"—vague memories of Pantagruel are conjured up.

But if the clarity, the simplicity, and the force of Mr. Quiller-Couch's manner have been formed upon any classic model, it seems less unlikely to have been Sterne than Rabelais. In fact, a certain indefinable flavour pervading three of the stories can hardly be accounted for other than by an uncommonly close acquaintance with Sterne. Two of these stories, "My Grandfather, Hendry Watty," and "Widdershins," are well called "A Droll." The third, "The Flowing Source," is not so christened, but ought to have been. "'Tis the nicest miss in the world," says the first, "that I was born the grandson of my own father's father, and not another man altogether. Hendry Watty was the name of my grandfather that might have been; and he always maintained that to all intents and purposes he *was* my grandfather, and made me call him so. 'Twas such a narrow shave. 'Tis a curious tale," indeed; one of riotous fun of a gruesome sort; of dead men's jokes and the fantastic tricks of marine ghosts. "Widdershins" is quieter and more sane, and for that reason better bears out the fancied resemblance. Then there is the striking coincidence of the name of Farmer Joby, who, like Uncle Toby, has trouble with his eye. And although it is not the Widow Wadman who comes to the rescue in this case, her prototype the Widow Waddilove soon after appears in "The Flowing Source," and makes a singular request of the master of that wayside inn. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "and went home and thought it over. Women were a puzzle; but he had a dim notion that if he could lay his hand on the reason why the Widow Waddilove preferred ordinary carriers to prize tumblers, he would hold the key to some of the secrets of the sex. He thought it over for three days, during which he smoked more tobacco than was good for him. At about four o'clock on the afternoon of the third day a smile enlarged his face. He set down his pipe, smacked his thigh, stood up, sat down again, and began to laugh. He laughed slowly and deliberately—not loudly—for the greater part of the evening, and woke up twice in the night and shook the bedclothes into long waves with his mirth."

But these half-earnest comparisons of the work of Mr. Quiller-Couch with that of those old masters who painted only the nude should not be misunderstood. His humour, like theirs, is certainly robust, and sometimes a little boisterous perhaps, but it is never broad. On the contrary, his books are, in fact, far freer from indelicacy than many recent ones that deal with daintier themes. For while he does not fear to come close to the deepest and saddest truths of life, he approaches them with gravity and reserve.

The finest example of this trait of his art may perhaps be found in *Ia*. Certainly no story was ever more fearlessly and more thoughtfully aimed at the very

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heart of life. It is only a little book, a mere miniature, but the work is so curiously compressed that it has all the force and freedom of a large canvas. It is a story of the Cornish coast, and of the types that belong there—to the grim rocks, the salt spray and the roar of the surf—to the whole ceaseless conflict that humanity wages with the sea. But Ia's is the central figure, drawn so large and clear and strong that the others, good as they are, shrink beside it. Only one character is alien and dim. This is the Second Adventist preacher, Ia's lover, and the vagueness of the portrayal seems again to show that the author's strength lies within his *milieu*. And yet his work is in no sense provincial. This simple story of a fisher-girl of Cornwall becomes universal in that it represents the ruin that unruly passion may cause, and the sacrifice that chastened love will make. Even the shadowy form of the lover grows more distinct and significant as it comes to stand for the weaker nature in all such situations, without firmness to resist or strength to be true. Strange seems the Cornish custom of the wooing of the man by the maid. But if Ia leads on the downward path, it is also she who first turns back. The author has made her very distinct: this splendid young savage whom love tames and suffering civilises. Not once does the strong line of her character waver under his firm hand. He does not show her as moved to repentance by any sudden—or gradual—conviction of sin; but solely by fear of harm to the man she loves. A woman like Ia can have no religion separate from her love. As the wreck has come through her, so must the rescue also come. "We have done wickedly," says the preacher weakly, and without apparent purpose to do otherwise. "Have we?" answers Ia vaguely, while her heart is breaking with the resolve to give him up. It is for his sake—not for her own. Love teaches an ignorant woman wisdom and gives a blind one sight. She can see now what she could not see at first, that his career is blasted unless they part before their relations are known. He is not hard to persuade; and when he is gone, and is safe and honoured among men, the storm breaks on Ia's defenceless head.

It is the old tragedy over again in an out-of-the-way corner of the world; and the attitude of this Cornish fishing hamlet toward this fisher-girl is the attitude of the world toward the erring woman. "Through the weeks of pestilence she had fairly earned the love and gratitude of many; but the debt was never paid. Her fault cancelled it. Women whose children she had nursed nodded as she passed their door, but they did not invite her to step in." The story comes to no conclusion; such stories can have no end. Ia merely passes out of sight, leading her child; seeking on the other side of the merciless sea the peace, and the pardon, that she must seek still farther to find.

George Preston.

AN INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

A thoroughly good book for young people is almost invariably one of the best books that grown people can read. Similarly, an introduction to any study, if done as it should be, by a man capable of writing not merely the introduction, but also the study itself, is certain to be of interest to the most advanced student.

Mr. Brander Matthews's volume on American literature is a piece of work as good of its kind as any American scholar has ever had in his hands. It is just the kind of book which should be given to a beginner, because it will give him a clear idea of what to read, and of the relative importance of the authors he is to read; but it is much more than merely a book for beginners. Any student of the subject who wishes to do good work hereafter must not only read Mr. Matthews's book, but must largely adopt Mr. Matthews's way of looking at things; for these simply written, unpretentious chapters are worth many times as much as the ponderous tomes which contain what usually passes for criticism of our literary work; and the principles upon which Mr. Matthews insists with such quiet force and good taste are those which must be adopted, not only by every student of American writings, but by every American writer

* An Introduction to the Study of American Literature. By Brander Matthews. New York: American Book Co.

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if he is going to do work that is really worth doing.

In his opening chapters Mr. Matthews very happily defines literature as "a written record so skilfully made as to give pleasure to the reader." It seems rather odd that it should be necessary to insist upon the fact that the essence of a book is to be readable; but most certainly the average scientific or historical writer needs to have this elementary proposition drilled into his brain. Perhaps if this drilling were once accomplished, we Americans would stand a greater chance of producing an occasional Darwin or Gibbon; though there would necessarily be some havoc in the ranks of those small pedants who with laborious industry produce works which are never read excepting by other small pedants, or else by the rare master who can take the myriad bricks of these myriad little workers and out of them erect one of the great buildings of thought.

Perhaps the best, because the most original, point made by Mr. Matthews is his insistence upon what American literature really is. He shows that it is a branch of English literature, but not a branch of that portion of English literature which is created contemporaneously in the British Isles, and which he very appropriately calls British literature. American literature of this century, like British literature of this century, is a branch of the great stock of English literature, the literature common to all the English-speaking peoples. In the past not only English, but also American authors have often seemed to take it for granted that the literature produced in Great Britain at the present day was in a peculiar sense the English literature of the present day, and the representative in the direct line of the English literature of the past. This is, of course, not true. A New York novelist is no more and no less the heir of the creator of "Moll Flanders" than is a London novelist. The Biglow papers contain as much of the broad humanity of Chaucer as any contemporary poem published in Great Britain, and their author was as much influenced, consciously or unconsciously, as his average British contemporary, by the man who five centuries before had written high thoughts in a homely tongue.

It seems extraordinary that it should have been left to Mr. Matthews to formulate what so many Americans had felt—namely, that the American has precisely the same right to the English speech as the Briton. He is not the Briton's younger brother, any more than he is his elder brother. Each has an equal claim to a common inheritance—the inheritance of the great language and literature which are the most precious possessions of the two nations. If the present-day literature of either America or Great Britain depart in any way from the standards of the past—as depart it must—the departure must be judged purely on its own merits, and without the least regard to what course literature is taking in the other country at the same time. England has no more right to set the standard for America than America has to set the standard for England. The standard is set partly by the great masters of the past, partly by the force and good taste of the masters of the present day; it has nothing to do with any artificial standard raised in the other country; and neither country has the slightest right to treat a variation from its own standard as being a variation from the true standard of English literature. These points have been successfully elaborated by Mr. Matthews in his "Americanisms and Briticisms," which is by far the most noteworthy critical or literary essay which has been published by any American writer for a score of years.

American literature must naturally develop on its own lines. Politically, Americans, unlike Canadians and Australians, are free from the colonial spirit which accepts, as a matter of course, the inferiority of the colonist as compared to the man who stays at home in the mother country. We are not entirely free as yet, however, from this colonial idea in matters social and literary. Sometimes it shows itself in an uneasy self-consciousness, whether of self-assertion or self-depreciation; but it always tacitly admits the assumption that American literature should in some way be tried by the standard of contemporary British literature. Mr. Matthews, with entire good temper, and with complete absence of literary Chauvinism, shows the folly of this view.

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In dealing with the authors whom he has chosen as representatives of American literature, Mr. Matthews has sketched briefly the life and life-work of each. He has accomplished the difficult feat of writing so as to be "understanded of the multitude," without conveying any impression of writing *down* to the multitude. Each chapter is eminently readable and interesting; but it also always contains a singularly just estimate of the author's real worth. Mr. Matthews's wide and deep acquaintance not only with American literature, but with the literatures of other countries, enables him to place each author about where he belongs. Of course there must be individual differences of opinion. The present reviewer, for instance, is inclined to think that the relative importance given, on the one hand, to Halleck and Drake, and on the other, to Motley and Prescott and Walt Whitman could with advantage have been reversed, and that more stress might have been laid upon some of Longfellow's ballad-like poems, such as "The Discoverer of the North Cape," and, especially, the "Saga of King Olaf;" but these are matters of detail. There is very little room for division of opinion as to the excellence of Mr. Matthews's arrangement as a whole and as to the soundness of his judgments. He preserves always the difficult proper balance between sympathy and justice. He deserves especial credit for recognising in Parkman the greatest American historian. No better little sketch of Franklin has ever appeared than that which he gives; he is profoundly impressed by Franklin's greatness, and yet he shows, in a sentence in which he contrasts him with Abraham Lincoln, his appreciation of that side of Franklin's character wherein the philosopher fell short. His power of appreciating infinitely different qualities is shown by his capital sketches of Cooper and Hawthorne. Where all the work is so good it is difficult to choose, but the chapters on Lowell and Holmes are singularly appreciative and just.

In short, Mr. Matthews has produced an admirable book, both in manner and in matter, and has made a distinct addition to the very literature of which he writes.

Theodore Roosevelt.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN AND "THE JAPS."*

Mr. Sladen has written a novel upon the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and in the course of it has done one or two things very well. For example, he has drawn a lively picture of English and American society, or of a certain section of it, in Japan. It is not a very pretty picture. Those who figure in it appear to look upon life as entirely a matter of beer and skittles, or of their equivalents among the "smart" people of Yokohama; and "smartness," as Mr. Wells's Uncle says, "is the foam of the ocean of vulgarity, cast up by the waves of that ocean, and caught by the light of the sun." Still, the men among them at any rate have the saving grace of an honest, if rather slap-bang, chivalry, for which we can forgive them their slang and their whiskey-and-sodas. Again, Mr. Sladen, without being aggressively informing, tells us a good deal about Japan and the Japanese. He turns his background to humorous account. When Philip won Mary's hand—at the moment, owing to the accident which had discovered their hearts, her fingers were "masses of bleeding pulp;" but we pass that over—the lovers were together in a Japanese room. "In Japanese rooms there is no furniture. It was so hard to be decorously affectionate on the floor that they sneaked out and sat at the top of the ladder-like stair." Mr. Sladen's chief feat, however, is in making his heroine, Bryn Avon, grow in our regard in spite of starting very low down in it and doing little to carry her up higher. Bryn on the tennis lawn, or Bryn discussing everything she shouldn't with Mr. Spong, or, indeed, Bryn anywhere in company with her sister Mary, is an exceedingly disagreeable young lady. And to the very end of our acquaintance with her, she scarce ever fails to do the wrong thing. To take a case: Even if her cousin Bell had not been so really good to her, she ought not to have breathed a hint to Romney of the conduct of Bell's husband; her Romney-ings were always high-falutin'

* A Japanese Marriage. By Douglas Sladen. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

The Japs at Home. By Douglas Sladen. With portrait and 100 illustrations. New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden (Limited).

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and in bad taste. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, in spite of her extraordinary beauty, of which she and Mr. Sladen are so irritatingly conscious, we like Bryn, and like her more and more, and have sufficient sympathy for her to be glad to take our leave of her happy with Philip. What Mr. Sladen fails to do is to heighten our sense of the wrong done by the existing law to the deceased wife's sister. His case is too much compounded of carefully selected outrages. The picture of the English vicar, and of his household in which Bryn finds a home for a time, is simply grotesque. Besides, in marrying Mary Avon, Philip made a mistake. It was Bryn whom he ought to have married, not Mary; and Bryn knew it. Bryn, by the way, had a wonderful way of knowing things. When Mr. Mathdene's fingers met hers, in helping her over a gate, his hand was tingling in a way which put her on her guard! So that Bryn deliberately stepped into the furnace when she became Philip's housekeeper. The result is—very unreasonable, no doubt—that we find a perverse joy in the knowledge of arbitrary trials to chasten the Bryns of this world (who improve under them wonderfully), and to put difficulties in the way of the cock-a-hoop theories of novelists about the increase of human happiness and the highest end of existence.

In a much pleasanter vein is Mr. Sladen's *Japs at Home*, of which the fifth edition has just been issued with some "Bits of China" added. Mr. Sladen is here the keen-sighted observer with ready sympathies and a jolly *bonhomie* which makes him the best of companions through a book of this sort. He has sampled almost every phase and form of Japanese life so that he may be able to tell us of its clubs and dancing girls, its firemen and funerals, its street life and temple worship, its novels and naval reviews and theatres and curio shops. "As was natural for an impressionist," he says, "I have written for the most part in the lighter vein, but *ridentem dicere verum quid vetat.*" He adds that if he were writing the book now he should write it from a more serious standpoint. We much prefer the book as it is with its camera obscura reproduction of the panoramic procession of Japanese life as it flashed itself at a happy moment on the retina of the artist's volatile brain. The book is profusely and humorously illustrated.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE.*

Mr. Meredith's latest story does not lose, gains rather, if read in bits. This is not all dispraise, for it means the book is good all through, and that each portion will somehow reward you. Except for one man's character, and even that is so complex and contradictory that its understanding can best be reached by stages, with pauses between, there is nothing that needs to be viewed as a whole. The first chapters are magnificent, and we are not alone, possibly, in feeling disappointment that the marriage of the Old Buccaneer and Countess Fanny was not the amazing one chosen for the serious story. There you have a quick, dashing romance. After it you settle down to one that needs much explanation. The plan, however, is excellent. You hear the curious tale now from Fleetwood's side, now from his wife's, now as amusingly travestied by Dame Gossip. Then, in no other story has Mr. Meredith let loose more of his lyrical faculty. His spirits, too, are high; his humour, save where his heroine is concerned, alert. His sketches of the parasites that flocked round Fleetwood are inimitable. And his narrative powers are here and there at their liveliest. But these powers do not wait on our sentimentalities, for unquestionably the strongest portion of the book is that ghastly marriage scene, the furious drive of the wrathful bridegroom and his abject bride, and his fiendish entertainment of her at a prize-fight.

Fleetwood draws away our best attention from the other characters. The curious mixture of brains and brutality, of superfine instincts and caddishness, of black moods and conventional elegance, in the young spoiled millionaire nobleman, is treated by a master hand. He is only not so perfectly successful as the Egoist, because he is infinitely more complex and difficult for us to take in. Readers, it should ever be remembered, make one of the conditions of a writer's success. With the wandering scholar of Nature who fascinates us in

* The Amazing Marriage. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $2.50.

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the beginning, he is in imperfect sympathy. Woodseer settles down to domesticity prematurely; there were further developments in his history, for certain. Perhaps we seldom accept Mr. Meredith's characters as inevitably what he makes them. Harry Richmond's father and Sir Willoughby, of course, are exceptions. Is this a lack in them, or a proof of strong human interest, prompting us to interfere with their opinions and careers as we like to do with those of our flesh and blood neighbours? Something of both. For instance, when our sympathies are being tossed to and fro between Fleetwood and his wife, we do not say, at one black point, Yes, here he was a brute; Mr. Meredith was creating a brute. On the contrary, we grow indignant, and say it is against nature, which means against our desires. So with Carinthia—which brings us to an interesting point.

Mr. Meredith has perhaps his warmest admirers among women. Some of them hold him to be their best interpreter. Well, he cherishes a wealth of kindly feeling towards them, and he has a rare sense of justice, and of chivalry. But his observations of them are not very wide. Only one or two types does he deeply understand. And then there is that crying offence of his—his forgiveness of Diana's meanness. He may go on multiplying his types of men. Long ago he came to the end of his women. We like his Amazons as a rule. They are excellent comrades. And at the verbal description of this one, Carinthia, we kindle.

"Living faces, if they're to show the soul, which is the star on the peak of beauty, must lend themselves to commotion. Nature does it in a breezy tree or over ruffled waters. Repose has never such splendid reach as animation—I mean in the living face. Artists prefer repose. Only nature can express the uttermost beauty with her gathering and tuning of discords. Well, your mistress has that beauty."

Again, from Woodseer's notebook,

"From minute to minute she is the rock that loses the sun at night and reddens in the morning."

But the Carinthia that plays an active part is a bore. In Fleetwood's most brutal moments we have a sneaking sympathy for him; she had the worst fault to a quick spirit like his—obtuseness. Life had to bore holes with a pickaxe to let understanding into her. She goes about, in the beginning at least, with muffled hands and veiled eyes, and cannot see how her weary quotations of her father, and her clawing, abject manners, rile the man upon whom she has bestowed her affection. The spirit of humour does not breathe in her or on her. But she might be excellent, we own, as Mademoiselle de Levellier, fighting in Spain with the Carlists.

The book makes one bristle here and there, but it is the best work Mr. Meredith has given us since *Diana of the Crossways*, and if without the charm of that it is also without its alienating feature. And it reveals Mr. Meredith's sympathies more openly than almost anything else in his prose. He is the Welshman here, and Wales may be proud to claim *The Amazing Marriage*. Great nonsense is often talked in connection with the Celtic Renascence. But Mr. Meredith has much of interest to say concerning race characteristics, and one truth, which is almost a discovery, finely uttered—

"Now, to the Cymry and to the pure Kelt, the past is at their elbows, continually. The past of their lives has lost neither face nor voice behind the shroud; nor are the passions of the flesh, nor is the animate soul, wanting to it. Other races forfeit infancy, forfeit youth and manhood with their progression to the wisdom age may bestow. These have each stage always alive, quick at a word, a scent, a sound, to conjure up scenes in spirit and in flame. Historically, they still march with Cadwallader, with Llewellyn, with Glendower; sing with Aneurin, Talliesin, old Llywarch; individually, they are in the heart of the injury done them thirty years back, or thrilling to the glorious deed which strikes an empty buckler for most of the sons of Time. An old sea rises in them, rolling no phantom billows to break to spray against existing rocks of the shore."

THE MAKERS OF NEW ENGLAND.*

Dr. John Brown of Bedford is distinguished both in England and America not only as a successful and warm-hearted clergyman, but as the author of the biography of Bunyan which has been accepted as the final book on the subject. His seventeenth-century learning, especially in ecclesiastical affairs, is proved afresh in this admirable account of the Pilgrim Fathers, which draws

* The Pilgrim Fathers of New England and their Puritan Successors. By John Brown, B.A., D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $2.50.

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freely on State papers, manuscripts, authorities, and original documents, and makes especial use of Bradford's long-lost *History of Plymouth Plantation.* Dr. Brown has a second qualification to be the historian of a great movement: he is in hearty though discriminating sympathy with the spirit of the men whom he portrays. After a preliminary chapter on the origins of English Puritanism, we are introduced to the two friends, William Brewster and William Bradford, round whose lives the main interest of the story centres. It was under the roof of Brewster's manor house at Scrooby that the "separated" Church met, which had John Robinson for its minister. Dr. Brown traces with minute research the genesis and then the exodus of this little persecuted society of the faithful. They found refuge first at Amsterdam, and thence migrated to Leyden, where Arminius had just died, and Rembrandt was growing into manhood, and the strife between Remonstrants and Counter-Remonstrants had come near to civil war. John Robinson himself took public part in this controversy; and Dr. Brown devotes a chapter to a careful account of his writings.

But old Holland was not destined to become the cradle of a new England. After many plans and prayers, and delays and disappointments, the *Mayflower* sailed west, and landed her band of emigrants on Plymouth Rock, in the early winter of 1620. Dr. Brown repeats with new freshness and accuracy the pathetic tale of their hardships and perils, their dauntless faith and fortitude. Bradford, who was chosen governor in 1621, and Brewster, who became "Elder" and practically pastor, guided the young colony through its first fateful years. The Pilgrims reverted instinctively to first principles in politics, as in religion. It is curious to read how their early communism soon gave place to private property. Meanwhile the Puritan exodus from Stuart tyranny rapidly increased. Endicott and Winthrop founded Salem and Boston, and large bodies of settlers colonised Massachusetts Bay, and spread up the Connecticut Valley. In May, 1643, the deputies of 26,000 emigrants signed articles of a mutual confederacy of New England Colonies—the mustard seed of the future. But "the greatest man among the founders of Plymouth Plantation did not live to see that day;" for a month earlier, "to the great sadness and sorrow of them all," William Brewster had died.

We cannot help wishing that Dr. Brown had found space to write his verdict on Roger Williams and the beginnings of Rhode Island. We are curious to know how far he concurs in Dr. Dexter's strictures on that much-debated and remarkable personality. But it is not possible to deal with every point in one moderate volume. We especially appreciate the genial tone in which the last chapters describe some of the harsher sides of primitive New England life. Each township was dominated by its minister and its meeting-house. However stern the winter, worship went on without a fire. Judge Sewall writes: "Bread frozen at the Lord's table . . . yet was very comfortable at meeting." Sermons lasted from two to four or five hours. The "tithing man" moved among the pews "recalling sleepers to consciousness with his wand." The constables at Salem had orders "to attend at the three great doors of the meeting-house every Lord's Day . . . to keep the doors fast and suffer none to go out before the whole exercise be ended." Nay, a man at New Haven was punished by the town for venturing to say that he "received no profit from the minister's sermons;" a man at Plymouth who "spoke deridingly of the minister's powers," and another at Andover who "cast uncharitable reflections on his pastor," were fined and deprived of the sacrament. Church music was rudimentary; there were only about ten tunes in use, and a volunteer precentor "set the Psalm." Judge Sewall records in his diary how, "His voice being enfeebled," he came to grief in this office: "I intended Windsor, and fell into High Dutch. . . . The Lord humble me and instruct me." And again: "In the morning I set York tune, and on the second going over the gallery carried it irresistibly to St. David's, which discouraged me very much."

We have said more than enough to show how the vivid, human picturesque touches in Dr. Brown's book balance and relieve his scholarship and research. The Pilgrim Fathers live and move and endure and overcome in his pages; to

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have told their story worthily is his highest praise. And he does show how, after allowing for all drawbacks, "there was in these makers of New England a grand masterful sincerity, a noble courage of conviction, an overwhelming sense of the authority of righteousness in human life, and an ever-present consciousness of God's personal rule over the world in spite of all its confusions." Of them, too, it may surely be said that their works do follow them. Professor Seeley defined and tested religion by what he called its "nation-making power." Plymouth Rock confirms the definition and attests its truth.

Dr. A. E. Dunning, of the *Congregationalist*, has written a spirited introduction to the work, in which he says that "it is a most welcome evidence of the strong ties that bind England and America together that an Englishman has here chronicled the noblest chapter in our early history, with so genuine an insight into its character and dignity that in both nations it will be read with equal interest." There are numerous illustrations by Charles Whymper taken from original sketches, many of them curious and quaint reminders of "the makers of New England."

T. H. Darlow.

MR. HOWELLS AS A POET.*

Mr. Howells is so universally admitted to hold the primacy among living American men of letters as to make his appearance in a new field of effort an event of peculiar interest. That he should turn to poetry is particularly certain to excite both curiosity and comment, for in many ways his theory of art is one that finds its most natural exemplification in prose, eschewing as it does the ideal and holding fast to the obvious and the actual. These productions of his, therefore, conceived in poetical form, have an unexpectedness about them that will inevitably lead to their being read with a sensation not unmingled with surprise.

The first and strongest impression that one gets from the perusal of this volume is an impression of intense sadness. A profound melancholy pervades every one of the short poems that are here collected. There is scarcely a line that sounds the note of carelessness and joy; and when the major chord is struck, it only gives additional intensity to the minor that invariably succeeds. This melancholy, this pervasive sadness, one cannot quite call pessimism, for it does not spring from a pessimistic spirit. True pessimism is seldom dissociated from cynicism, and is by no means inconsistent with a tone of gaiety. The standpoint of the real pessimist is that which is indicated in the famous saying, "There's nothing good and there's nothing true, and it doesn't signify." Mr. Howells, too, holds apparently that there is nothing good and nothing true, but to him it signifies very much indeed. It wrings his heart and afflicts his whole being with a sense of pain and of disappointment. The lines in which his feeling finds expression describe the mind of one who has hoped much and met nothing but disillusion; of one whose nerves are overstrained, whose spirit is sickened, and whose very soul is sorrowful and despairing. Life is one great failure—a mystery whose veil is quite impenetrable, and which, if one could penetrate it, would doubtless show us only forms more fearful and anguish still more intense.

This mental attitude is one that the readers of Mr. Howells's later novels have come to recognise to some extent; it finds voice in the social discontent of *A Hazard of New Fortunes* and *The World of Chance;* and even in the half-humorous pages of *A Traveller from Altruria* this undercurrent of melancholy is perceptible; yet nowhere before is the impression so powerfully conveyed as in these scattered poems; for here there is no by-play, no mitigating humour, nothing to distract the attention of the reader from the dominant motive; and the very brevity and concentration of the thought drive its full meaning home to the consciousness.

A quotation or two may serve to show the tone and temper of the whole. Take, for instance, this poem entitled "Heredity"—

That swollen paunch you are doomed to bear
Your gluttonous grandsire used to wear;
That tongue, at once so light and dull,
Wagged in your grandam's empty skull;
That leering of the sensual eye
Your father, when he came to die,

* Stops of Various Quills. By William Dean Howells. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York; Harper & Bros. $2.50.

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Left yours alone ; and that cheap flirt,
Your mother, gave you from the dirt
The simper which she used upon
So many men ere he was won.

Your vanity and greed and lust
Are each your portion from the dust
Of those that died, and from the tomb
Made you what you must needs become.
I do not hold you aught to blame
For sin at second hand and shame :
Evil could but from evil spring ;
And yet away, you charnel thing !

Still more characteristic is this, called "To-morrow" :

Old fraud, I know you in that gay disguise,
That air of hope, that promise of surprise ;
Beneath your bravery, as you come this way,
I see the sordid presence of To-day ;
And I shall see there, long ere you are gone,
All the dull Yesterdays that I have known.

And this, called "Calvary" :

If He could doubt on His triumphant cross,
How much more I, in the defeat and loss
Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
Of having lived the very life I willed,
Of being all that I desired to be ?
My God, my God ! why hast Thou forsaken me ?

And in another poem, which we cannot take space to quote in full, Mr. Howells gives his whole view of life—a hurried, meaningless rout, amid which man is a bewildered guest, one who was not asked to come, who has never seen his host or had from him a word of welcome ; but who, as he stands gazing on the foolish scene about him, hears from time to time a ghastly shriek as some one is hurried away to be seen no more. Each page bears witness to a like emotion, an emotion almost of disgust at the cross-purposes and senseless folly of all that men see and hope and do. The *Weltschmerz*, the *tædium vitæ*, casts a grey light over every line.

It is all very strong writing. As literature it ranks very high. Does it rank equally high as poetry ? Let those who can claim to speak with some degree of authority give an answer to this question. For our part, we do not think that these impressions of life gain much from the metrical form in which they appear. Without it, published as short prose impressions, like some of Mr. Hamlin Garland's, they would, we think, be equally effective ; for their excellence from a literary point of view depends wholly upon their possession of the qualities that are peculiarly conspicuous in all of Mr. Howells's work. A marvellously keen eye for detail, a strong grasp upon the characteristic features of what he wishes us to see, an unerring instinct in language, and an exquisite sense of word-values—all these are present in his verse, but yet no more so than in his prose. Take his striking winter scene from the poem called "Labour and Capital"—

A spiteful snow spit through the bitter day
In little stinging pellets gray,
And crackling on the frozen street
About the iron feet,
Broad stamped in massy shoes,
Sharpened and corked for winter use,
Of the huge Norman horses, plump, and round,
In burnished brass and shining leather bound.

. . . . . .

And hunched above the load,
Above the Company's horses like a toad,
All hugged together
Against the pitiless weather,
In an old cardigan jacket and a cap
Of mangy fur,
And a frayed comforter
Around his stiffened chin, too scant to wrap
His purple ears,
And in his blinking eyes what had been tears
But that they seemed to have frozen there as they ran,
The Company's man.

This really gains nothing from the rhyme, which is only an incident and adds nothing to the effect of what in pure prose would be an equally perfect picture, making one almost shiver as he reads.

Nor is the structure of the verse wholly satisfactory, for it is too often at variance with the requirements of rhythmical consistency. One is tempted to attribute the frequency of this scazonic movement to technical inexperience ; but Mr. Howells is too thoroughly an artist to make this explanation tenable. It is likely that he purposely admits irregularities, as a musician admits dissonances, to heighten the effect of what is regular and metrically normal in the adjacent lines. Tennyson did this frequently, far too frequently, in fact, in his later verse, just as some of the Latin poets broke the inevitable monotony of their hexameters by playing tricks with the cæsura. But Mr. Howells should have remembered that while this is allowable and even commendable in long stretches of verse, it is a positive defect in a poem of only a dozen or twenty lines, in reading which the ear does not have time to tire or to demand variety, but is far better pleased with perfection

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of melody and regularity of cadence. The last line of the third passage quoted above will illustrate what we mean. At the first reading one stumbles over it most unpleasantly. Of course, rereading it, one can crowd it into a normal measure by a sort of crasis in the words "thou hast"; but this is at best a Procrustean operation that is sure to offend, and is in every way a blemish on the verse and a source of vexation to the reader.

Harry Thurston Peck.

HEDONISTIC THEORIES.*

In these days of ethical movements, when even politics are beginning to feel the force of moral ideas, it would seem a pity that our best thinkers should still confine themselves so exclusively to the discussion of questions of purely theoretic interest. Perhaps their attitude is due to a belief that common sense is better able than philosophy to guide the affairs of mankind; but even so, it would be a satisfaction to have a code of scientific morality with which at least we might disagree.

Professor Watson's book, however, in spite of the fact that it assumes the form of historical criticism, is by no means out of touch with practical life. Utility is still the ideal of the great majority of political theorists and practical politicians, and under the disguise of this vaguest of terms we can in most cases find a concealed or acknowledged hedonism. Any criticism, therefore, that may serve to unfold the implications of this theory, will render good service to the cause of right living.

In some respects, the title of this work is misleading. We are led to expect a history of hedonism from its origin to our own day, and the student of the history of philosophy or ethics might naturally turn to its pages for the determination of some obscure point in the history of his science. He would probably look in vain. There is no detail of biographical or bibliographical interest. We are not told when or why the systems under discussion were written, or even the form in which they appeared. In fact, the historical environment has dropped out. In its place we have the successive systems reduced to their lowest logical terms, in order that we may follow clearly and unhindered the development of the principle of pleasure.

From this it is plain for whom the book was intended. It is not for the historical student, or at least, not for the beginner in the history of thought. The logical or illogical character of the systems is made too evident. It would be impossible for one coming for the first time to the study of these thinkers through this book, ever to understand how it was that such illogical systems could have arisen. The lack of atmosphere would render impossible a just estimate of historic values. But for an introduction to systematic ethics, this work serves admirably. One by one the elements of hedonism are discussed and criticised as they historically appear, so that by the time we reach the most complex formulation of the theory we have already a firm basis from which to view its added difficulties, and have no need to discuss again its foundation principle. When Hobbes has been dismissed, Mr. Spencer need not long detain us.

The success with which Professor Watson has accomplished his task is but another witness to his well-known philosophic breadth and critical judgment. It is no light thing to separate the essential from the accidental in philosophic systems, and, in paring away the historical detail, to avoid omitting that which is necessary to logical completeness. That the reconstruction of the past has been done with faithful impartiality, no one can doubt. In its *logical* development, hedonism has not had a clearer exposition. And this has been done "in familiar and untechnical language," as the author has purposed to do. So simple and clear is his exposition that a hasty reading might leave the impression that this was philosophy made easy, and unworthy of more serious attention; but as we proceed we find that this simplicity is due to that complete mastery of his subject which enables the author to present the argument free from all that is accidental and irrelevant. The book is probably the result of lectures, since it is given out as a supplement to the author's recent work on Comte, Mill, and Spencer, the origin of which was class-room work.

* Hedonistic Theories from Aristippus to Herbert Spencer. By John Watson. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

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The criticism is, of course, from the idealistic standpoint, and the work is another instance of the fact that, in this school, as Mr. Schiller notes, "whom they would destroy, they commentate." The objectifying work of thought is traced in every formulation of an ideal. Unless man be content to follow his instincts blindly and unconsciously, he must accept the guidance of reason in his life, since abstract pleasure is an impossible idea. Even the pleasure-seeker "is not seeking pleasure for itself, he is seeking to still the immortal craving to realise himself, to find the means of speaking peace to his own spirit. He cannot avoid framing an ideal of himself and seeking to make it an actual experience." That ideal cannot be pleasure in its abstractness, since, as Mr. Watson neatly phrases the "hedonistic paradox," "The moral man does not aim at it, and the immoral man who does aim at it cannot obtain it."

Norman Wilde.

THE THISTLE STEVENSON.*

It was meet that this fine edition of Stevenson's collected works should be collated and prepared for publication in the land which was the first to honour him with popularity, "for," wrote Mr. Barrie, some eight years ago, "the Americans buy his books, the only honour a writer's admirers are slow to pay him. Mr. Stevenson's reputation in the United States is creditable to that country, which has given him a position here (Great Britain) in which only a few saw him when he left."

In that same article Mr. Barrie echoed the expectations of Stevenson's admirers at that time in speaking of "the great book, for which we are all taking notes. We want that big book; we think he is capable of it, and so we cannot afford to let him drift into the seaweed." But he did drift away from us never to come back, and now he is a year dead, and "the big book" can never be written.

But let us not be misunderstood. Many readers of Stevenson, reading of his life in the South Seas, easily idealised the existence down there as one never-ending *dolce far niente*, with Nature as a generous provider, and with little else for the exile to do but now and then to gratify an irresistible impulse to sit down and write one of those masterpieces of fiction that seemed almost to write themselves. One of the most potent lessons of Stevenson's life lies in the fact that life for him since young manhood had been a fight, not only towards gratifying an ambition to be a literary man, but for very existence itself. Courage to work, when work means exhaustion of the smallest physical resources; courage to hope, when hope seemed to go ever farther before, and courage to go on without a moment's begging of quarter were his, and while he found at Vailima that his physical power was at its best, even then to most men the bitterness of the struggle would have warped and nullified the best of talents. And as to his drifting south, his heart was always with his native land; where will be found sadder words than these? "And then you could see Vailima, for it's beautiful, and my home and tomb that's to be; though it's a wrench not to be planted in Scotland—that I can never deny—if I could only be buried in the hills under the heather and a table tombstone like the martyrs where the whaups and plovers are crying."

The Thistle edition of Stevenson's works—and fittingly so is it called—is in every respect worthy of the most bewitching of nineteenth century writers. Bound in red polished buckram, with titles and cover design in gold stamps, printed from De Vinne type on handmade paper, with deckel edges and gilt tops, one can readily see that no pains or expense has been spared to make this edition as handsome and substantial as it could be. The volumes are delightful to handle, and make an exquisite library set. The edition is complete with the exception of Stevenson's posthumous works, chief of which are *St. Ives* and *Weir of Hermiston*, still unprinted and which it is sadly known to Stevenson's friends are merely fragments. The illustrations in photogravure have been drawn by the well-known artists William Hole, R.S.A., Howard Pyle, J. Alden Weir, William H. Hyde, and others, and there is a portrait of Stevenson from a photograph by Notman.

* The Novels, Travels, Essays, and Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson. Thistle edition. 16 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $32.00.

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The bookmaking and editing seem perfect, and in the whole work we find nothing to cavil at, but everything to commend.

ST. PAUL THE TRAVELLER AND THE ROMAN CITIZEN.*

Professor Ramsay's volume on St. Paul has grown out of lectures delivered at Auburn Theological Seminary, Johns Hopkins University, Harvard, and Mansfield College, Oxford. As the title indicates, they chiefly concern themselves with the outward conditions and movements of the apostle's life, not with his theology. In other words, they are based upon the Book of Acts rather than on the Epistles of St. Paul. In his researches in Asia Minor, Professor Ramsay found himself frequently consulting the Book of Acts, as one of the authorities for its topography, antiquities, and society. At first, as he owns, he was prejudiced against it as an authentic witness of first-century history; but gradually this prejudice was removed, and in its place there grew up entire confidence in it as a guide and an ally in obscure investigations. And the present volume is not so much a history of Paul for its own sake as a prolonged exhibition of the trustworthiness of Luke's narrative. It is an attempt to show that, instead of being the mere second-century compiler, groping and stumbling among unknown places, misunderstood circumstances, and anachronistic customs, or a mere dull editor with scissors and paste, collecting random scraps of sensational legends and glueing them together without intelligence, Luke is a historian of the first rank, trustworthy, and possessing a first-hand knowledge of the greater part of what he records, guided by an unfailing sense of proportion, which tells him what to omit and what to relate, and able to present his material in a clear and simple narrative. Certainly no one has a better right to pronounce an authoritative judgment on the historicity of the Acts than Professor Ramsay. He has studied the history of the first century as very few have done, so that, as any of his readers could detect anachronisms in a nineteenth-century book, he is familiar with what is congruous and what incongruous with the first century; but, especially, he has carried this book open in his hand through the localities in which its scenes are laid. He possesses the knowledge of an expert, which justifies him both when he condemns the "error and bad judgment" which preponderate in what at present passes for historical criticism and when he assigns to the Book of Acts a highest place among historical works.

The importance of such a judgment, even limited and conditioned as it is, can scarcely be overestimated. The fresh light which Professor Ramsay throws on certain passages in the career of St. Paul is also considerable; and still more considerable is the sense of reality which he imparts to the whole narrative. He very truly remarks that Luke "expects a great deal from the reader . . . there are many cases in which to catch his meaning properly, you must imagine yourself standing, with Paul, on the deck of the ship or before the Roman official; and unless you reproduce the scene in imagination you miss the sense." The great and lasting merit of Professor Ramsay's book is that it enables even the unimaginative reader thus to see what is narrated. He will not always see what Professor Ramsay sees, still less will he always infer what Professor Ramsay infers; but he will feel that the ground he treads is solid, and the persons he hears of are real and living. The Book of Acts becomes a new book, and excites a new interest. Almost every suggestion made by Professor Ramsay will be contested by scholars; but no one will deny that he vivifies the narrative and proves its trustworthiness, and that St. Paul becomes more than ever a real figure and one of the greatest of men.

Marcus Dods.

* St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Humanity, Aberdeen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

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NOVEL NOTES.

A VIRGINIA COUSIN AND BAR HARBOUR TALES. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

If certain gracefully unimportant books came from unknown authors, nothing need be said. But, unluckily, such is rarely if ever the case, for the reason that only the practiced pen can clothe commonplaces with grace. And, since a recognised place in national literature has its penalties as well as its privileges, a new book by Mrs. Burton Harrison cannot be passed by even with a silence that would be kind. Yet it is hard to know what to say about *A Virginia Cousin and Bar Harbour Tales*. Flowing smoothly from cover to cover, the three stories leave nothing more than a mental blur, too indistinct to be remembered longer than the turning of the leaves. All that remains is regret—for the author's vanished charm.

The characters are those of the author's earlier stories—the two typical matrons representing the old and the new *régime;* the sophisticated clubman and his guileless cousin; the subtle city girl and the hard-headed business man. They are all familiar, but they seem more unreal and remote than usual. And, whether in New York or at Bar Harbour or on the Blue Ridge, or "leaning abstractedly against a column" in Rome, they are always saying the same things, but less aptly and less wittily than they have said them before. This is trying, in view of the fact that no one does anything but talk. No incident interrupts the flow of conversation. A boy tumbles off his pony, but the others never stop talking; and he begins again as soon as he gets his breath. A man falls out of a boat, and there is an effort here to have something happen. The machinery positively creaks with the strain; but nothing does happen beyond a ducking and the making of an opportunity for the woman to ask the ducked man where his manners are.

Thus, in a dispirited way, as if the characters themselves were tired, the dialogue drags along. There is not a glimmer of the wit that sparkled through *The Anglomaniacs*. There is no sign of the fresh thought that gave interest to *A Bachelor Maid*. Indeed, at one particularly heavy point it becomes necessary to bring in as a vocal recruit a country corporal who does not belong to the old original set. He can scarcely be called an acquisition; but he does what he is expected to do, and talks without stopping through seventeen pages. What about? Let him answer who can say what it is all about.

A COMEDY OF SENTIMENT. By Max Nordau. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. $1.50.

The fame of Herr Nordau's versatility has spread even here; so that the discovery that he can write a clever novel will not be an astonishing addition to his other accomplishments. This is a clever novel; or, to speak more accurately, it is a story written by a very able man—one who might be partial, unfair, shortsighted, and arrogant, as able men often are, but who could not write balderdash; nor, from clumsiness, misrepresent what he actually understood. It is an episode in the life of a scientific man who falls into the toils of a designing woman, and has a narrow escape. We confess we should have respected him more had he not escaped. In some respects he is most worthy, devoted to his mother, with whom he lives, delivering up to her his salary as he receives it, and having no secrets from her till Frau Ehrwein comes into his life. But there is another side of him which revolts us. While giving way to his sensual passions he is perfectly aware of his folly, and he exhibits a hard, calculating, and most unhumorous temper throughout his *liaison*, which is complicated by his weak and insincere attempt to play the part of devoted lover. As for Paula, the less said about her the better. Her efforts to entrap Bruchstädt are so noisy, violent, and vulgar that they would disgust a tavern-haunter; and when he is in her toils she keeps him there by the grossest flattery for the most sordid pecuniary reasons. Those who read *The Comedy of Sentiment* within a reasonable time after reading a much greater book, *Jude the Obscure*, may observe a certain likeness between Paula and Arabella. But the dash of generosity in the rough, coarse Arabella is wanting in this woman of culture, who, if less ugly, is more corrupt. Of

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course, Herr Nordau looks on her as she ought to be looked on ; but there is so little relief to her vileness, Bruchstädt's prosaic, calculating nature, and his ridiculous game of love, affording none at all, that the picture is more sordid and more cruel than we like to look at, save on the canvas of one whose art and whose human sympathy are greater than Herr Nordau's.

A GENTLEMAN VAGABOND AND SOME OTHERS. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Those who remember the story of "John Sanders, Labourer," in the *Scribner's* of some six months ago will need no further invitation to look into this little volume which Mr. Hopkinson Smith has added to the plenteous short-story library. An acquaintance with Sanders and that canine apology of a "doggie," and the throb of pity which we are made to feel for the poor, deformed little orphan, gives one the chord of the whole melodrama, whether its characters be dogs or men ; for the former receive no small share of the author's sympathy, and will, we believe, be as readily appreciated by the reader. The stories are gathered from here, there, and everywhere, and whatever their defects, all possess the essential quality of human interest. The common denominator of the collection is their all-pervading humanity, which warms one to a healthy sympathetic glow and inspires a renewed faith in human nature. Occasionally one feels some misgiving at the lavish show of colour in description or grotesqueness in figure. "Here and there one finds a vagabond pure and simple, and once in a lifetime a gentleman simple and pure," says the author. It seems to have been his good fortune to have met several examples of this *genus homo*, and he has certainly not lacked generosity in sharing their acquaintance with us. "Major Slocum" arouses a lurking suspicion that we are being deceived in him, and that there is something wanting to that gentleman's perfection. In fact, an afterthought may be convincing on this point. There is an audacity in the sketch, and a freshness of Southern life and warmth of colour which are fascinating. The individuals in these stories may be different, but the type is the same, whether they be found in the apartment of a Continental express, in the grafted product of southern chivalry, or in the nondescript flagmen in a railroad yard. "Bäader" and "The Lady of Lucerne" are European experiences, the latter story remarkable if for nothing else than for the description of the organ recital at vespers in the great church at Lucerne. "Jonathan" and the May-time pictures of the Bronx banks and Brockway's Hulk are bits of canvas, that will fit very delightfully and familiarly into some panel of one's vacation or spring ramble experiences.

THE NEW WOMAN. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. New York : The Merriam Co.

While such books as this can be written and read, then surely we are in need of a Nordau to point out our degeneracy. Mrs. Linton's audacity and reckless indulgence in strong language will probably be admired by those whose taste will not be offended by her exaggerations. The good people in the book are tiresome with excess of virtue ; the bad ones are terrible indeed ; and the various types of the new woman, on whom Mrs. Linton throws the search-light of her satire, are weird triumphs of the author's fancy. She fairly revels in their depravities, and we get several pages of description like this : "They were, for the most part, married women with uncongenial husbands." "Protesting wives and reluctant mothers" demanding "unfettered liberty and supreme power." "Queer mixtures of manly breadth and feminine charm," who "smoked and drank with fast men," and were one and all "good judges of wine, cigarettes, and every kind of mixed drink." Phœbe Barrington, the central figure, and the newest of these new women, has pomegranate lips and bleached hair. She also has a long-suffering husband, whom, at various times, she calls a brute, a block, a tyrant, a wretch, a dried-up mummy, a liar, and an awful hound ! When, at the end, the poor man mildly packs his trunk to leave for more peaceful scenes, Phœbe bursts into a "violent flood of tears" and wails, "Can I never win him back to real love and undo the mistakes of this wretched past ?" This is painful or funny, according to the point of view ; and if more is desired, it can be found *ad nauseam* in the 450 pages of this remarkable work. In an appropriate spirit of satire, the book appears

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in a tasteful binding that suggests refinement.

ALL MEN ARE LIARS. By Joseph Hocking. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.

Mr. Hocking has written a strong story showing how a life can be ruined when it loses faith in goodness, and how the broken life can be healed and the lost character redeemed when that faith is regained. The hero is brought on the scene overflowing with ebullient youth, with a fresh unspoiled vision that looks the whole world in the face, and with a heart brimful of glad hope that cries *nil desperandum!* In spite of his high hopes and aspirations and his stock of belief in life's worth, he is first soured by cynical teachers, and then heart-broken by his wife's treachery, until he disbelieves in everything and rushes into wild sensuality. He is rescued and restored at last by a faithful friend, and a pure and pitiful woman. We have grave doubts as to Mr. Hocking's legal accuracy, and we are confident that Mr. John Burns—the story is laid in London—would repudiate his black picture of Battersea. There are glaring blemishes in the construction of the story and also in its details, and notwithstanding that it is a powerful book, and that it has been written with a sincere purpose to uplift and to point out the dangers of unbelief and pessimism which lie in wait for the unwary youth, we doubt whether such a presentation of life is wholesome and effectual for good. *Donovan* has been responsible for many imitations which have a certain fascination for the young man withheld by a moral leash from "seeing life," but who may allow himself to imagine it in fiction.

THE VEIL OF LIBERTY. A Tale of the Girondins. By Péronne. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.

A convenient and altogether erroneous opinion exists about the writing of historical novels, and it is entertained by a good many novelists to-day who find history suggest more exciting incidents and more picturesque characters than their own invention could supply. It is that the less history you know, the more superficial your research and the more popular your sources, the better your historical novel. Like most convenient theories, it is all wrong. Scott, Dumas, Thackeray, were saturated with the history and literature of the time they presented to us in fiction. And that they had a grip of the material is at least one reason why their novels have a grip on us. Just at this moment, when we are flooded with thin and superficial historical romance, entertaining enough, some of it, for half an hour, but unsatisfying, and slipping from the memory and the imagination in less time than we allowed for the reading of it, it is pleasing to recognise the existence of a robuster school. Of course, historical learning is far from being enough, and all the reading of which there is evidence in *The Veil of Liberty* might have gone for nought, so far as making a vivid picture of the time is concerned, without imaginative and artistic powers. But "Péronne" has these, also a trained and a lively style, an eye for the picturesque and the dramatic, and a good understanding of human nature. Is it indiscreet to be curious about the authorship of an anonymous novel we have admired and enjoyed? *The Veil of Liberty* is not by a novice. We had thought that so intimate a knowledge of last century France, so discriminating and detailed an appreciation of French Protestantism, could be set down to the credit of no one but Miss Betham Edwards, though, it is true, she is not fond of dwelling on the shadier sides of the Revolution. If we are entirely wrong, at least neither Miss Betham Edwards nor "Péronne" has reason to feel aggrieved by the juxtaposition of their names. The pictures of revolutionary France in this novel are often masterly and always of interest. The close acquaintance of the writer with the facts and factions of the time is not wasted, for this knowledge, used artistically, has given an ease, a fulness, and a vividness, which belong to no novel spun out of a popular manual or perhaps a couple of gossipy memoirs. And, likewise, we cannot withstand the intense interest which the author takes in her central personages, the family Villas. Such an energetic concern is contagious.

SUNSHINE AND HAAR. By Gabriel Setoun. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

Mr. Setoun has selected a Fifeshire mining village, Barncraig, as the centre of his observations. In his second book

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he further illustrates the character and customs of the inhabitants by stories of varied tones. Those written in a gentle sentimental vein are best as stories—"Ekky's Road," for instance—and some portions of the longer tale, "Lowrie and Linty;" though the ways peculiar to Barncraig may be most vigorously presented in "The Return of Big Wull" and "The Creeling of Big Tam." The latter and a few like them give detailed descriptions of old customs now dead or dying; and in relics and survivals Gabriel Setoun is evidently interested. But we doubt if it is as the chronicler of such he will find his work, or even as the painter of distinctive Scottish types. The talents and sympathies here displayed point rather to his success in the novel of present-day romance and sentiment, Scotland being the scene, of course. We imagine that he belongs by right more to the school of Dr. Macdonald than of Mr. Barrie. Be that as it may, here and in *Barncraig* he has essayed to be the historian of a limited locality in a series of tales nearly all of which claim our sympathetic interest. But it is a pity he included the prefatory paper, "Red-Letter Days." It is nearly worthless as local lore; and as a piece of writing—well, Gabriel Setoun can do much better, and so must every writer who is to take a creditable place.

THE THREE IMPOSTORS. By Arthur Machen. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.00.

The horrible is sweet to the taste of Mr. Machen. He plays with it a little frivolously at times, but now and then it does seriously take hold of him, and on some of these occasions it impresses us. A curious medley is this book of the sensational, the trivial, and the occult. Written on an old plan, some idea of its design and tone may be gathered from thinking of Stevenson's *Dynamiters*, with the sprightliness and fun, but not the frivolity, left out, and with dark occult sin substituted for the grotesque. Every now and again we are struck with admiration of the picturesque and suggestive writing, and sometimes we think the same overweights what had been a better story if more plainly and briskly told. We thought for a time that Mr. Machen was fooling us with his horrible hints (we had forgotten the contents of the prologue). The hunt of the gold Tiberius, the ingenious imaginations of the three impostors, we had thought might end farcically. Perhaps his learning in the black arts would so have been wasted, but we wish he had some restraining qualities that would keep him from writing such horrors as those in his last chapter.

GATHERING CLOUDS. A Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom. By F. W. Farrar. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

The writer's earlier novel, *Darkness and Dawn*, had a brighter theme. It represented the early struggle of the Church with paganism, and the victory of Christianity, which had only its purity and integrity to fight for it against the strongest worldly weapons. The present story tells of the re-invasion and the partial triumph of the world. At the end some of the evil is seen to be abating, the martyrs are honoured, and the prosperity that overtakes the worthy hero Philip are significant of the worst terrors being over. But on the road to this peace readers have to walk through scenes of terrible corruption and cruelty—the vague rumours of history being bared of the vagueness which has hid much of the ugly truth about the persecutions. As a work of history it has greater merit than as fiction. Evidence has been weighed and sifted, and characters judged calmly, with due consideration of the circumstances of the time. The painful nature of much of the story may deter a good many from its perusal, though it should be said horrors have not been piled up sensationally, but only described with such literalness as shall not allow them to escape the notice of unimaginative readers. And its length is against it. Students of Church history can alone appreciate the conscientious care and labour that have gone to make this lifelike picture of the Eastern Empire, but though frivolous readers will not read *Gathering Clouds* at all, one need not be seriously instructed to recognise the interest and the beauty of the career of Chrysostom and his friends as Dean Farrar has drawn them.

THE RED COCKADE. By Stanley S. Weyman. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's stories are greedily and unthinkingly devoured. Any reader who stops to think must respect them. There is an evenness about

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the workmanship which can only be the result of great care. And though the average English sentiment on historical matters is generally reflected—which adds, of course, to their chance of popularity—the characters are never the puppets that the conventional adventure-story is content with. Mr. Weyman does not write of another age than his own to shelter his ignorance of human nature among the imposing circumstances of famous events. There is a group of characters here that not only look well when seen in motion in a crowd, but are real and living no matter how closely you examine them. The most noteworthy is the Royalist Froment of Nîmes, but the aristocrats, Madame de St. Alais and her spirited son, with their wonderful confidence in the invincibility of the noblesse, and their "We are France," are hardly less vigorously presented. The hero is no great hero, though he is brave enough. Circumstances are unkind; and at different times, and always for good reasons, he dons the white, the tricolour, and the red cockades. But that he is driven to dealing with so many factions makes him perhaps all the better as the central personage of the story.

HERBERT VANLENNERT. By C. F. Keary. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

For Mr. Keary's talents we have warm admiration. We shall continue to believe for long that he has the power to write fiction of an uncommonly good kind. In *The Two Lancrofts* there was thought and there was observation which could only come out of a man who had looked closely at things, judged for himself, and had a large experience of human character. It contained, too, suggestions of keen interest to all who watch the artistic temperament other than superficially. This present book can be recommended as a readable story. Those who have not built high hopes on its author will be astonished to hear it hardly criticised. And it does not lack careful and elaborate work. But it is an entire disappointment, for in spite of bright spots here and there, it is what *The Two Lancrofts* emphatically was not, a commonplace novel. There is a hitch in the hero somewhere. He is meant to be a man of marked character and ability, an impressive, imposing person. We can only think of him as a well-dressed club man, who took a trip to India. He is slow, conventional, idea-less, and with the capabilities of injustice which such a nature possesses. There are good sketches of character in the book. There is not one character. The sensational episode is ugly, and we think false. What has gone wrong? We have an idea that it is the society which the book is filled with that is partly to blame. Unless dealt with by genius, there is no class so hopelessly dull in fiction as the respectable, fairly well-conducted, moneyed and landed minor aristocracy of England. The painters and the literary folks introduced here are infected by the general dulness, by the inarticulateness of the slow-brained set in which Herbert Vanlennert moved and had his undistinguished being. But we do not for a moment think Mr. Keary's power has gone because this book might have been written by a much less able man.

THE HORSEMAN'S WORD. By Neil Roy. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

A very original, romantic, but most ill-told story. The material is new, the background has been little used before, and the central personage is, take him altogether, strikingly presented. But it is unendurably long; many of the scenes intended to illustrate character and custom in the north of Scotland are wearisome, and here and there, where reflection is indulged in, there is a descent to the utterly commonplace—this too from a writer who has an unusual amount of imagination, who shows real power in dealing with human character, and has a gift of picturesque description. Whatever be its faults, it has striking and interesting features. Readers of Borrow will remember his tale of the smith who roused his horse to frenzy, and soothed it out of madness by the utterance of some mysterious words. That is hint enough of the subject of this story, where horses appear under a stranger, wilder aspect than we are now wont to regard them. Mr. Roy has made good use, we can see, of some impressive legends of the strip of country where his story is laid, not very far from the Moray Firth; but for the working out of the character of Kelpy, his sullen and pathetic hero, he has had to depend on his own powers. And the imagination of few would have been equal to the strange and difficult task.

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THE LITTLE ROOM AND OTHER STORIES. By Madelene Yale Wynne. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

On first reading "The Little Room" in *Harper's Magazine*, one was half inclined to think that its author had not written a real "tale of mystery" after all, but was just playing a joke on the reader.

Author: Well, which was it, a china closet or a little room?

Reader: I don't know.

Author: Well, I don't know either.

But Mrs. Wynne did know, and has conceded a bit to the reader's curiosity by giving us a sequel to her title story in the present volume. It points us to the psychology of suggestion, and we run to Mr. Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, with a feeling of relief that we have not been played upon, after all, but that there is something like a respectable scientific clue to that tantalising little room. The author might have made the original story more suggestive, a few of us think, by including in it the hint of the sequel. But then, that would have denied us a little excitement, and lost the story much of its pleasant notoriety. The four stories that complete the volume are all slight in motive, but gracefully told. One of them, "The Voice," is even exquisite in its happy blending of psychical mystery and delicate allegory.

It takes a powerful genius to create a story of mystery like "The House and the Brain" and "Thrawn Janet," stories that seize us with the shuddering horror of the unseen. The present author would never feel the call, we imagine, to hide her head under the bed-clothes in the dark. But she seizes the picturesque, the poetic hints of a strange psychic world, with a very neat fancy.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ROBERT BROWNING'S COMPLETE POETIC AND DRAMATIC WORKS. Cambridge edition. One volume. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.00.

BROWNING STUDIES. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.25.

At last we have Browning complete in one volume. The problem of bringing the entire poetical and dramatic works of Robert Browning into one volume presented difficulties which are obvious, and apparently impossible to overcome. Yet we have it now before us, a not unwieldy octavo volume, with type, paper, and binding all in good taste, and wholly legible. Not content with accomplishing so much, several fragments have been included not to be had in any other edition; there is a biographical sketch of the poet; an appendix containing the essay on Shelley, notes and indices of titles and first lines; and it contains a finely engraved portrait of Browning and an engraved title-page with a vignette view of Asolo. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have won deserved praise for their compendious and neatly prepared volumes in the Cambridge Edition of the Poets, but they have surpassed all former efforts by their present enterprise.

Mr. Edward Berdoe, who has been one of the most energetic members of the Browning Society, and whose name is more closely associated with the poet's work than that of any other critic or student, has edited, with an introduction, a series of select papers emanating from the afore-mentioned society and published in a volume called *Browning Studies*. "There is no more remarkable fact in the history of literature, and no greater disgrace to English criticism," says Mr. Berdoe, "than the treatment meted out to Robert Browning for half a century."

"Ye British poets who like me not,"

complained the greatest poet since Shakespeare, after writing for thirty-five years; but before the time came when all too soon he left us, appreciation had grown so warm and the demand for his works had so enormously increased that he could, in his own last words, "greet the unseen with a cheer." So that in the end it was well, as it invariably is; for the public is sane in its judgments if not always quick to recognise genius. The enthusiastic admirers of Robert Browning have been prone to forget that, as Coleridge aptly said of Milton, he strode so far in front of the men of his time as to be dwarfed by the distance. Now that his com-

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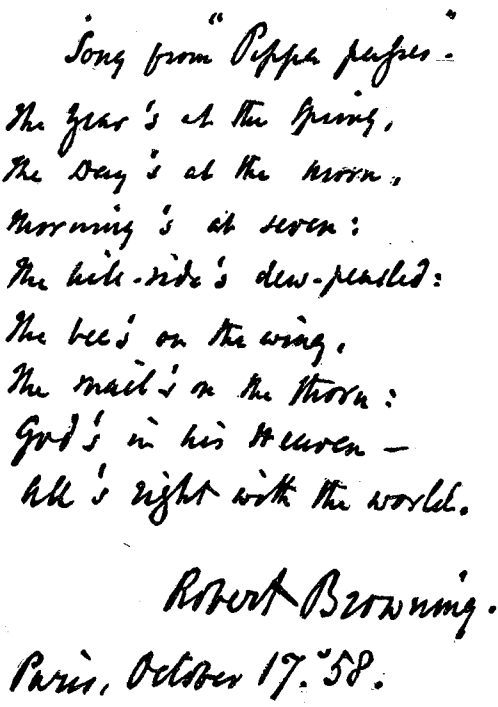
plete works have been issued in one volume in the Cambridge Edition, there will be an opportunity for a wider audience to come forward and listen to Browning, whose voice always sounds the clarion note of hope, and these *Studies* will undoubtedly be acceptable to many students, new and old. We say "students" advisedly, for Browning himself said that he never intended his work to be read over a cigar.

Nearly half of the first volume of *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Thomas J. Wise, which has just been published, is devoted to materials for a bibliography of the writings in prose and verse of Robert Browning. The value and importance of this contribution to Browningiana are very great.


Song from "Pippa Passes."

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven:
The hill-side's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning.

Paris, October 17. '58.

A fac-simile of the well-known song from "Pippa Passes" in Robert Browning's handwriting is herewith reproduced from this work. An early portrait of the poet is given on page 466.

THE JOURNAL OF COUNTESS KRASINSKA. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

It was a happy thought that prompted the young Countess Krasinska to begin, on her sixteenth birthday, the writing of her memoirs, which would be of interest were it only for the vivid picture they present of the social and domestic life of the Polish aristocracy during the latter half of the eighteenth century. But a deeper value than this attaches itself to the journal of the Countess Krasinska, great-grandmother of Victor Immanuel; who, though married to a king's son, yet, as the translator tells us, "spent her beautiful youth in wandering and humiliation."

There is something deliciously quaint in the very absurdity of what constituted, for Frances and her sisters, a liberal education.

"We learn vocabularies, dialogues and anecdotes by heart from a text-book. . . . Returning to our room, we learn German vocabularies, we write letters and exercises, and Madame dictates to us the verses of a French poet, Malesherbes."

Later, at a fashionable school in Warsaw, the girl writes:

"Before the end of my education I must learn enough to be able to paint with colours a dead tree, on one branch of which is a wreath of flowers with the initials of my honoured parents, to whom I shall offer my work as a token of gratitude for the education I have received."

Before going to school the young countess writes a lively account of her elder sister's betrothal and wedding, and gives delightful pictures of her own stately but happy home life.

The deeper significance of the book, however, is manifested when the schoolgirl becomes the belle of Warsaw society, and wins the heart of the king's eldest son, the Duke of Courland. The story of her love and brilliant hopes, of her brief bliss and her long disillusionment, is one which is best told in her own simple words. It is also one which teaches, quite unconsciously, yet with almost startling force, life lessons which moralists and writers of fiction might proclaim in vain. The pathos of these memoirs is only enhanced, as it must be in all such cases, by the thought that their author could not know that the story of her sorrows would prove of value to future generations.

PICTURE POSTERS. By Charles Hiatt. New York: Macmillan & Co. $4.00.

MODERN ILLUSTRATION. By Joseph Pennell. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.50.

These two handsome and useful volumes of modern and contemporary art

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in the sphere of the bookmaker's interest are imported from the press of Messrs. George Bell and Sons. *Picture Posters* contains a short history of the illustrated placard, with numerous reproductions of the most artistic examples in all countries. Not only is this a book of immediate, practical interest, it presents with a fascination of subject and treatment such a history as we would desire in a work of brief compass. The first chapter discloses the historical fact that the poster is one of the oldest and most obvious forms of advertisement, an incident of the most crude and ancient of civilisations, and Mr. Hiatt cites Callades, an artist mentioned by Pliny as the Chéret of his age. "He was the great artistic advertiser of ancient Rome, just as Chéret is the great artistic advertiser of modern Paris." Naturally considerable space is devoted to the pictorial poster in France, which absorbs half of the book, the remaining half being portioned out to England, America, and other countries in which the poster is found. To the American reader it will appear that his particular field has been cursorily reviewed, although Mr. Hiatt shows a wide-awake acquaintance with poster artists, even including Miss Ethel Reed, whose work has only become known within the last few months. France, England, and America would in all justice require a volume each to itself, and considering Mr. Hiatt's limitations, his work has been admirably done and not without great expense and trouble in collating facts and collecting posters.

Modern Illustration appears under the auspices of the Ex-Libris Series, edited by Gleeson White, whose excellent enterprise and artistic instinct led him to choose the most distinctively qualified person of all others to compose this work. With great simplicity and with a warmth of feeling that is evident in the first words of the preface, Mr. Pennell has done his work faithfully and conscientiously. More than this, he begets enthusiasm in the reader, and as a master of the craft and an ardent student of illustrative art, he has largely contributed to our knowledge of the subject out of a plenteous and well-regulated storehouse of material. Beginning with a general survey of modern illustration, he proceeds to describe the methods of to-day, and traces their origin and development. Under separate chapters he takes up French, English, and American illustration; also illustration in Germany, Spain, and other countries. Numerous examples of the stages of illustrative work in each country are given, and few can conceive at what tremendous pains the editor and author have been to select and obtain these illustrations. The collection of posters is fun to this more stupendous undertaking. For both these books, which have entailed a vast amount of thankless drudgery, of which only the expert is cognisant, we are greatly indebted to the promoters of the scheme and those who have accomplished it.

MONEY IN POLITICS. By J. K. Upton, ex-Assistant Treasurer of the United States. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.25.

The title of Mr. Upton's really valuable book is misleading; one instinctively looks for accounts of the corrupting influence of money in the many battles at the polls fought by American citizens, but instead finds an accurate history of money in the United States. This is a second edition of the work, and has been extended and revised to conform to present conditions. Any history of money, whether scientific or historical, ought to begin with a statement of what money is—that is, the office and function of money—and then the physical and material substance of money; also why and how it gets to be an interchangeable measure of values. Mr. Upton gives the history of "peag" or sea-shell currency of the Indians of Long Island, and also of the attempt of Massachusetts to make corn (no doubt Indian maize, and not corn in the English meaning) a legal tender, and the same experience with tobacco in Virginia. These facts might be pondered with profit by the modern "fiat money" school.

The history then proceeds regularly to give an account of colonial coins and mints, the paper issues of the colonies, the introduction of the Spanish dollar, the value of shillings in the several colonies, issue of United States notes, national bank-notes, the decisions of the Supreme Court on the legal-tender question, and other matters of interest. The history is authentic, and is an armoury from which to draw conclusive arguments against the wild schemes of in-

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flation and unsoundness so constantly urged upon the people.

THE HAWTHORN TREE AND OTHER POEMS. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has, with the assistance of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton and Mr. Arlo Bates, made a selection from the songs, sonnets, and *vers de société*, of which he has been an occasional contributor to the pages of our leading magazines and periodicals during the last twenty years. *The Hawthorn Tree and Other Poems* attracts us by the simplicity, spontaneity, and cheerful optimism of its contents and the absence of anything like *fin de siècle* decadence. Here is a slight specimen of his lighter vein taken at random; it is called "Confession."

It was a charming day, my dear,
An August day some years ago;
From me you ran away, my dear,
Down thro' the shaded walk you know.
I saw your fluttering drapery
White mid the sun-fleckt trees like snow.
I followed to the grapery,
And there I found you all aglow.
And when I kissed your cheek, my dear,
To pay you for the way you sped,
You pursed your lips to speak, my dear;
Do you remember what you said?
You said, "I love"—ah! yes, you did,
Why then, I pray, this tell-tale red?
You said, "I love"—confess you did!—
"'I love sweet grapes' was what I said."

The little volume is handsomely bound and printed in clear type on fine paper.

THE BOOK OF ATHLETICS AND OUT-OF-DOOR SPORTS. Edited by Norman W. Bingham, Jr. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.

Boys need intelligent guidance in their athletic pursuits; and this it is the aim of *The Book of Athletics* to furnish. All the well-known and much-practised sports are subjects of carefully written papers by men who are recognised authorities in their several spheres. Thus the organiser of the League of American Wheelmen, Kirk Monroe, is the author of the chapter on cycling. He unquestionably knows what he is writing about, and his advice may be followed with profit. Others equally well known give common-sense directions regarding the practice of other sports. "Advice to School Football Captains," by Arthur J. Cummock, Harvard's football captain; "How to Handle a College Nine," by Lawrence T. Bliss, Yale's base-ball captain, and so on; in tennis, rowing, running, jumping, skating, swimming—some master of the art gives wholesome rules for the benefit of boys and girls who are about to take part in strength and health-promoting exercises. None of the subjects is discussed in a scientific way. The practical rightfully predominates, as it is understood with greater ease, and is itself based upon the result of and in many instances contains the opinions founded upon carefully assimilated scientific knowledge.

IMAGINATION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By P. G. Hamerton. New Edition. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

This is perhaps the most original thing Hamerton ever wrote; certainly the most stimulating. He was tackling a hard subject; he did not say the final word, and he was sometimes rather verbose and vague. But over and over again he suggests the attitude towards the art of landscape which we feel is the true one. This is an eminently practical subject, if art is to appeal to the many. At every picture gallery you will hear remarks showing that the idea of imagination counting for anything in painting is never entertained at all. Poets have a less ignorant public to cater for. This book of Mr. Hamerton's is one that, written pleasantly, and addressed, as all his work so particularly is, to the English mind, might do something to bring to persons of ordinary cultivation a glimmering of what pictorial art aims at. The pictures from Claude, Corot, Dürer, Constable, Turner, and many others, are charming.

AN ARTIST IN THE HIMALAYAS. By A. D. McCormick. Illustrated by over 100 Original Sketches made on the Journey. New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.50.

There must be few readers of adventure and travel who have not read Sir William Conway's account of his Himalayan exploration. They will remember that the artist of the expedition, Mr. McCormick, took a very active and plucky part in the enterprise. Mr. McCormick now attempts, very success-

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fully, to give an idea of the picturesque aspect of the journey, and a personal narrative which will appeal to the lover of scenery and the searcher for adventure rather than to the geographical student. Between his lively story and his admirable sketches he has made a very attractive book. He has put in nothing trivial that is not humanly or picturesquely interesting, and by his spirited view of things, his appetite for the new and strange, and his enthusiasm for his leader, he makes friends of his readers inevitably. He is full of gratitude to fate for his share in the expedition, the year spent in it being, he says, "the fullest in my life, the strangest, the most wonderful." The pursuit of art has not enfeebled his energies. "There I came closest into contact with real men and real fighters; there I learnt what it is to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict with the mightiest forces of the universe; and there I saw what perseverance, foresight, and endurance can hope to accomplish."

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The little children of Mr. Robinson's imagination are the drollest, the most innocent of things. Has he illustrated Stevenson? There may be two opinions about that. But he has depicted childhood in all its remoteness from the grown-up land, in its heroic and fantastic imaginings, in its long thoughts and its short sight. And Stevenson did that in his own inimitable and individual way. Poet and artist meet and part in an interesting fashion. And it is not merely as a book of graceful pictures that this one which Mr. Robinson has done so much to make beautiful will be treasured. It is Stevenson's exquisite *Child's Garden* with still more childhood put into it.

THE ART OF LIVING. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This is the best thing that Mr. Robert Grant has ever done, but we do not regard this dictum as particularly high praise; for, from the days of the *Harvard Lampoon* down to the present time, Mr. Grant has put forth more inanities than any other American writer who has a respectable following of readers. But this book is really clever in spots, and one could gather quite an anthology of amusing things from its pages. It is not a good book to present to the average young couple, however, for its large and liberal views about money will make them discontented. We recommend it, therefore, to all persons who regard anything less than $10,000 a year as poverty; and it may, perhaps, be safely read by those who consider this sum a comfortable income; but those who think $5000 a year comparative wealth should let the book alone, or else buy it merely for a table ornament, which they may very properly do, as its cover is a dream in gold and delicate green.

THE LAUREATES OF ENGLAND: from Ben Jonson to Alfred Tennyson. By Kenyon West. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This very timely volume contains well-condensed accounts of the various persons who have held the office of Poet Laureate from Ben Jonson's time to our own. Now that Mr. Austin has been installed and has given the world a taste of his qualities in the absurd stanzas published by him in the *Times* of January 11th, celebrating that very much bedraggled hero "Dr. Jim," American interest in the question of the laureateship will speedily wane. Yet because a few really great names have adorned the office, the present volume will have a permanent value for reference, especially as it contains, after the sketch of each laureate's life, a number of illustrative selections of his poetical work, chosen with much taste and discretion. After all, Mr. Austin need not shrink from challenging a comparison of his worst work with the best of such feeble nonentities as Tate, Pye, and Eusden. Mr. West's book gives portraits of the subjects of his sketches, and some general "fancy" illustrations of the poems, among which the one on page 13 looks as though it had escaped from that interesting annual entitled *Le Nu au Salon*.

A LONDON GARLAND. Selected from Five Centuries of English Verse. By W. E. Henley. With Pictures by Members of the Society of Illustrators. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

This is the book of books for Londoners this season. It will stir such as have the good fortune to acquire it as no oratorical appeals to their civic pride could

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do. For that poets long ago, and on till now, loved it and sang of it, and that a band of artists to-day have pictured it in endless aspects, must appeal strongly to their imagination. One often hears that the lovers of London have been few and those not ardent, that the great place has not the capacity for inspiring human affection, as Paris has, for instance. Perhaps this *Garland* will effectively contradict that.

Mr. Henley says of his Anthology, that it is "a choice for illustration." We have no quarrel with that, and no particular desire for completeness. It is a good choice, any way considered. He thinks it will be found "to example many differences in method and the point of view which have ruled and passed in English poetry in the long years dividing the London of Chaucer's Prentice and Dunbar's panegyric and the London of 'Piccadilly' and 'In the Rain.'" That will interest a student of literature. What will interest others more is the sense of the growing age of the place that comes over you as you read on from songs that sing

> "The sands in Chelsey Fields
> Or the drops in silver Thames"

to Mr. Henley's own description of King Fog; the sense, too, of growing complexity, grim endeavour, and yet no exhaustion. Its present vigour, indeed, seems symbolised in the surprising life in the work of the galaxy of artists. Almost every notable illustrator of the day has contributed a picture, and no care has been spared in the reproduction. It is a sumptuously produced book. And what is not the same, but a much better thing—it is a beautiful and interesting one.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Two prettily illustrated books in dainty dress are *The Spectator in London*, being a selection from the essays of Addison and Steele (price, $2.00), and *Round about a Brighton Coach Office*, by Maude Egerton King, published by the Messrs. Macmillan. Only second in charm to the Sir Roger de Coverley essays in *The Spectator* are those in which the town life in Queen Anne's time is daintily described and gracefully satirised. Most of the latter are contained in *The Spectator in London*—the chapters on the coffee houses, on the operas, and the playhouses, on London cries, on fine ladies, their patches and headdresses, on citizens, shops, and beggars. It is superfluous now to speak well of them. Mr. Ralph Cleaver has a graceful, dainty and humorous pencil. It is the old Brighton of the Georges that is described in *Round about a Brighton Coach Office*. The writer has succeeded in rehabilitating old Brighton and its queer characters with a fascinating pen. The robust and gentle personalities that cluster about the old coach office are effectively portrayed, and the few lightly drawn sketches of them, and the scenes, merry and sad, from their daily life, make us long that we had had the good luck to be one of their number. The illustrations by Lucy Kemp-Welch are drawn with quiet power and charm.

Two more volumes have been added to the Illustrated Standard Novels ($1.25) issued by the Macmillans, namely, *Pride and Prejudice*, by Jane Austen, illustrated by Brock, and *Sybil; or, The Two Nations*, by Benjamin Disraeli, illustrated by F. Pegram. "One of the curiosities of modern criticism," so Mr. Austin Dobson begins his Introduction to Miss Austen's novel, "is a marked impatience of new prefaces to old books." We confess to the allegation as a rule; but the special fitness of this eighteenth-century chronicler to the work in hand makes a strong and irresistible plea to its exception in his case. Mr. Dobson has done his work admirably, and this biographical and critical essay will add another contribution to the pleasant and fragrant gleanings in a bygone generation with which he has enriched literature. Mr. H. D. Trail makes a good advocate for Disraeli's *Sybil*, which, he says, has always held and will always hold the foremost place among the works of its author with the student of English social history, and with the critic of English literature.

In *The Law's Lumber Room* (A. C. McClurg and Company) Mr. Francis Watt has traced the history of some of the quaint and curious usages of the old English law, such as the "benefit of clergy," the application of "peine forte et dure" to a person refusing to plead to a charge, "deodands," the right of sanctuary, trial by ordeal, and other practices of the bad old times. It is of interest to learn that the "peine forte et

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dure" (*i.e.*, crushing beneath an enormous weight of iron) was inflicted by an English court as late as the reign of George II. (1726), and that trial by combat was not formally abolished until the year 1819. (Price, $1.00.)——In Mr. F. A. Ober's *Josephine, Empress of the French*, we have a work of the J. S. C. Abbott order, which, with a delightful disregard of facts and the evidence of history, depicts Madame Beauharnais as a persecuted but impeccable being, too good for this earth, and naturally much too good for her Corsican husband. It is always pleasant to believe that an empress with a romantic history is good and pure and generally virtuous, but one has to draw the line somewhere, and we think that we shall draw it at Josephine. (The Merriam Company, New York.)

Beautiful Houses, by Mr. Louis H. Gibson, is a beautiful book, its two hundred and fifty or so of plans and illustrations representing the most interesting and attractive structures in many lands and many ages, and giving both interiors and exteriors. From the temples of Greece and the châteaux of mediæval France down to the huts of the Alaskan Indians, everything of interest and beauty is included. The book is a delightful one, and will be a source of pleasure to the lover of the arts of architecture and decoration. Of the text it is sufficient to say that it admirably supplements the illustrations. (T. Y. Crowell and Company, $3.00.)

A Century of German Lyrics, by Kate Freiligrath Kroeker, is a dainty little volume of translations from the Germans best known in lyric poetry. The English rendering is spirited and graceful, and has few if any traces of the awkwardness that renderings from the German are too apt to reveal. (The Frederick A. Stokes Company.) —— Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has translated six of Verga's short Sicilian stories, among them *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The selections are judiciously made, and the translation is adequate if somewhat less praiseworthy than that of Cavazza. The Joseph Knight Company, of Boston, publish the volume in their Round Table Library, which also includes the following volumes: *The Starling*, by Norman Macleod; *Little Idylls of the Big World*, by W. D. McCracken; *Arne*, by Björnsterne Björnson; and *An Attic Philosopher in Paris*, from the French of Émile Souvestre. These little books are prettily gotten up, including several half-tone pictures, and there is a very complete biographical account of Björnson preceding the novel by him. The price of each volume is $1.00. The illustrated edition of Mr. Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*, which we have already spoken of in our December number, is now ready, and makes quite a picturesque book.

The Messrs. Macmillan have brought out, in a beautifully printed volume, a version of the famous mediæval story of Reineke Fuchs, the text being a modernisation of Caxton's translation by the late Sir Henry Cole. Numerous pictures by Frank Calderon immensely enhance the value and interest of the book, which has also an introduction and notes by Joseph Jacobs dealing with the history of the tale from the standpoint of folk lore and also from its semi-politic and social side. The price is $2.00.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have added *The Complete Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes* ($2.00) to the Cambridge edition of the poets. This series deserves to be popular; each volume is printed in clear type, on good paper, and the editing has been carefully done, while such features as portraits of the poets, vignette illustrations of celebrated views, biographical estimates of the authors, and appendices and indices make the work in each case more complete and valuable than in its more extensive form.——A new edition of Tolstoy's *Anna Karénina*, in Mr. Dole's able translation, has been issued by the Messrs. Crowell. This edition is illustrated, and has a fine photogravure portrait of Tolstoy as frontispiece. The price is $1.50.——The United States Book Company have reissued in their Lakewood Series (paper covers, price 50 cents) Ibsen's *Prose Dramas* in two volumes. There is an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse.——In paper covers we have also two more volumes of Macmillan's Novelists' Library (price 50 cents), *A Strange Elopement*, by W. Clark Russell, and *The Last Touches*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. The second volume of *Lyrical Poetry from the Bible* ($1.00) and *Water Babies* (75 cents), by Charles Kingsley—in the fine pocket edition now being issued—have also just been published by the same firm.——

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Sermons for the Church Year, by Phillips Brooks, is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Mr. Berkeley Updike of Boston sends us a beautiful edition of Hans Andersen's *The Nightingale*, which is exquisitely illustrated in modern decorative design by Miss Mary Newill, of the Birmingham School of Art. The old style type is used, and the printing is done on hand-made paper. As its sub-title defines it, *The Nightingale* is "a story for children and a parable for men and women." The price is only $1.25. We have also received from Mr. Updike the first number for 1896 of an American edition of *The Quest*. Three numbers are issued annually, and the subscription price is $2.00. This magazine is printed by the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, and expresses the ideas of those artists who are associated with it. The first number contains a delightfully interesting article by William Morris on some buildings in the Kelmscott district.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The New York Library Association, the organisation of librarians for New York State, held its usual meeting for this section of the State, on January 10th, in conjunction with the New York (City) Library Club. An interesting series of papers was read and discussed at the two sessions during the day, and in the evening the State Association was the guest of the New York Library Club at its annual dinner. The New York Library has now been in existence more than ten years, and this dinner and occasion celebrated the tenth completed year.

There was inaugurated, in November, at Milan, a School of Bibliology, for the training of persons employed in the book trade. Its courses of instruction cover three years. The first year deals with the history of books, the second year with the technique of books and book-making, and the third year with bibliography and bookselling from the commercial standpoint.

The innocent item in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN relative to a possible oversupply of would-be library employés from the numerous library schools of various grades has called forth some protest from persons interested. If it is true that all graduates of these schools who are reasonably capable find sooner or later suitable places, we ought all to rejoice, and the managers of the schools can afford not to be oversensitive toward the feeling on the part of librarians that there is danger of overproduction. Many people, perhaps not well informed in the matter, think the law schools are turning out more lawyers than are needed; but the law schools have never looked on this notion as a grievance or an evidence of lack of sympathy with their work. The schools for library training that are doing good work and making no misrepresentations to the public have only to go ahead and let the relations of supply and demand settle themselves. Yet the calling into existence of more and more schools is itself a declaration to the public that there is a probable demand for their graduates. The librarians who are conscious of the great pressure for places may be pardoned for doubting this.

The New York Free Circulating Library, whose library class was the text for all this, assures us that its class is intended only for training its own employés, and is not likely to increase the visible supply. It should, therefore, be honorably acquitted.

The *Proceedings of the Denver Conference of the American Library Association* has just appeared. The papers read seem to be of perhaps more than usual interest. The articles on international or co-operative indexes to scientific literature mark a widening impulse if they do not give full solutions in the direction of accomplishing completely for all what the strongest libraries can now do for themselves only partially. If the scientists who feel the need most strongly and are making the most stir will clearly formulate what they conceive themselves to need, and let the librarians fix the form and method of such index work, the best results will be

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achieved. Some of the papers read at the Denver Conference seem to underrate the extent and difficulty of the task. For instance, the subject index which any two persons with scissors and paste could make in one year of the Royal Society's catalogue of scientific papers might be worth storing where rent was low, but would not be worth printing. Inadequate and faulty work in this direction is worse than none, as it stands in the way of good work. Discussion and investigation will set us in the right direction in the details of this line of work. The plans for such an undertaking should be shaped in this country, where cataloguing and indexing have been brought to higher perfection than in Europe.

Dr. George E. Wire, who has for the past five years had charge of the medical section of the Newberry Library, in Chicago, has resigned his position. Dr. Wire has during that time arranged and put in order that part of the Newberry Library which incorporates the books of the Medical Library Association of Chicago and the medical works from the Chicago Public Library, and thus forms one of the largest and most important medical libraries in the West.

George H. Baker.

THE PASSING OF PAN.

Laughter, velvet-lipped, runs ringing
All along the woodland ways,
And a strange, bewitching singing
Fills the glad Arcadian days;
Ripple-rocked, the slender naiads
Rush-fringed shores expectant scan
For attendant hamadryads,
Heralding the path of Pan.

Through the swaying bushes sliding,
Dark-eyed nymphs before him trip,
And the god, with stately striding,
Follows, laughter on his lips;
While the wild bird-hearts that love him
In the haunts untrod by man,
Riot rapturously above him,
Heralding the path of Pan.

From the yellow beds of mallows
Gleams the glint of golden hair,
Nereids from the shorewise shallows
Fling a greeting on the air;
Slim, white limbs, divinely fashioned,
Of the fair immortal clan
Sway to harmonies impassioned,
Heralding the path of Pan.

Round his brow a wreath he tosses,
Twined with asphodel and rose,
And, triumphant, o'er the mosses,
Song-saluted on he goes;
Frail wood-maidens who adore him,
When he rests, his temples fan,
When he rises, run before him,
Heralding the path of Pan!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

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THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1896.

The holiday trade has come and gone with its customary rush and confusion. In total results it has probably not exceeded previous years, but in the number of titles sold there has unquestionably been an increase. The growing tendency to purchase inexpensive books in preference to costly works has also been strikingly manifested during the past holiday business.

The leading books of the season have undoubtedly been Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. The cheap editions of the former were hardly out in time for Christmas, but it is gratifying to note that the demand for these is confined almost exclusively to the authorised editions. This is due to the prompt and energetic action of the publishers.

The works of Eugene Field continue to be in much favour, the publishers repeatedly being unable to fill their orders. *The Story of the Other Wise Man* and *Little Rivers*, both by Henry Van Dyke, and Robert Grant's two books, *The Bachelor's Christmas* and *The Art of Living*, were very popular. *The Second Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling, and the illustrated edition of Mr. Harris's *Uncle Remus* also sold readily.

Of the more expensive illustrated books, *Constantinople*, by Edwin A. Grosvenor, *Victorian Songs*, by Edmund D. Garrett, and Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* were most popular.

Juvenile literature of all kinds sold freely. *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress*, by Mrs. Burnett, *Mr. Rabbit at Home*, by Mr. Harris, and *The Brownies through the Union*, by Palmer Cox, were the leaders.

Fiction occupied a prominent place in the holiday purchases, and the works of all the popular authors of the day were in good demand, *The Red Cockade*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Manxman*, and *Slain by the Doones* being the special favourites.

The humorous books of John Kendrick Bangs, particularly his recent *House Boat on the Styx*, *Chip's Dogs*, and a juvenile entitled *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a Golliwog* received many orders.

Religious works were largely called for, notably Phillips Brooks's and Canon Farrar's *Year Books*, *The Shepherd Psalm*, by F. B. Meyer, and *How Christ Came to the Church*, by A. J. Gordon.

Recent publications are naturally few in number, Mrs. Oliphant's *The Makers of Modern Rome*, *The Vailima Letters*, by R. L. Stevenson, and *Letters by Matthew Arnold* being the most important.

The reports so far from the regular booksellers indicate but a fair holiday trade; this may be partially accounted for by the increasing prominence given to the business by the Dry Goods stores, which is somewhat unfortunate, as the average book department is a poor substitute for the well-stocked book-store to the true book buyer.

Leading books in point of sale for the month were as follows;

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Story of the Other Wise Man. By Henry Van Dyke. $1.50.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

Slain by the Doones. By R. D. Blackmore. $1.25.

The Village Watch-Tower. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.00.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. $1.25.

Casa Braccio. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. $2.00.

Little Rivers. By Henry Van Dyke. $2.00.

The Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

Mr. Rabbit at Home. By Joel Chandler Harris. $1.50.

The Brownies through the Union. By Palmer Cox. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, January 1, 1896.

In reviewing the December trade, the first thing that strikes one is that there was no falling off in the bulk of the business done, for sales ran ahead of last year in quantity; but the receipts make it evident that the purchases were smaller and the items less expensive. Costly books are not bought nowadays during the holidays as formerly. There is no doubt that the tempting beauty and artistic neatness of many of the recently published books has interfered largely this year with the sale of more expensive works. Country business during the month was moderately good, and orders called mostly for inexpensive books. Retail trade in Chicago was fair, and compared with last year's record made a good showing, and had it not been for the deplorably wet weather which prevailed during the week before Christmas, the receipts would doubtless have been above the average of the last season.

The books which sold best during the holidays in their respective classes were as follows: In fiction Ian Maclaren's two books, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, were closely followed by *The Prisoner of Zenda*, by Anthony Hope; Rudyard Kipling's two Jungle Books; *A House Boat on the Styx*, by John Kendrick Bangs; *The Holy Cross* and *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*, by Eugene Field;

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Aftermath and *A Kentucky Cardinal*, by James Lane Allen; *The Bachelor's Christmas*, by Robert Grant, and *A Singular Life*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Among the juveniles the most popular were *A Child of Tuscany*, by Marguerite Bouvet; *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress*, by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett; *Brownies through the Union*, by Palmer Cox; *Hero Tales from American History*, by Theodore Roosevelt and H. C. Lodge; *Elsie's Journey on Inland Waters*, by Martha Finley, and *Trooper Ross and Signal Butte*, by Captain Charles King. The old favourites also sold well, particularly the Elsie Books, Miss Alcott's stories, those by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and the numerous works of G. A. Henty. In poetry the demand was very great for Eugene Field's books of verse, and those by James Whitcomb Riley, while the demand for the standard poets were up to the average.

Among the fine holiday books, Abbey's *Comedies of Shakespeare* sold well, and Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* went splendidly. *The City of the Sultans*, by Clara E. Clement, also had a fair sale, but taken as a whole the sales of books in this class were below the average. In historical works and books of travel the favourites were *Constantinople*, by Marion Crawford; *The Makers of Modern Rome*, by Mrs. Oliphant; *Notes in Japan*, by Parsons; *Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century*, by Mrs. Latimer, and the new edition of D'Amicis, *Spain and the Spaniards*. In art books the best sellers were *Old Dutch and Flemish Masters*, the new five-volume edition of Mrs. Jamieson's works, Gibson's *Drawings, Churches and Castles of Mediæval France*, by W. C. Larned, and *Beautiful Houses*, by Louis H. Gibson. In biography, essays, science, belles-lettres, the leaders were *The Book Hunter in London*, by William Roberts; *Matthew Arnold's Letters; Literary Shrines* and *Literary Pilgrimages*, by Theodore F. Wolfe; *A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life*, by Thomson Jay Hudson; *Memoirs of Napoleon*, by Constant, and *The Vailima Letters*, by R. L. Stevenson. Outside of the above classes the following miscellaneous books met with more than average sales: *Pony Tracks*, by Frederick Remington; *Electricity for Everybody*, by Philip Atkinson; *College Girls*, by A. C. Goodloe; *The World Beautiful*, by Lilian Whiting; *Because I Love You*, by Anna E. Mack. and *White City Chips*, by Teresa Dean.

The cheap, mutilated reprints of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* did not affect the sale of the authorised, complete edition during December, for it sold better than at any time since it was published.

Books on Wagner and his operas have been in lively demand since the recent season of Wagner opera in this city began; those most enquired for being *Stories from the Wagner Operas*, by Miss Guerber, and *The Standard Operas*, by George P. Upton.

The Cambridge editions of Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning are having good sales, and we hope the series will be extended.

The books which sold best in actual numbers last month were:

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1 25.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Brush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

A Scientific Demonstration of a Future Life. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

Aftermath. By James Lane Allen. $1.00.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

A Child of Tuscany. By Marguerite Bouvet. $1.50.

The Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1 25.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

College Girls. By Abbe Carter Goodloe. $1.25.

Brownies through the Union. By Palmer Cox. $1.50.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, November 25 to December 21, 1895.

Great is the joy in the bookselling trade at the revival that has taken place. Whether it is Christmas trade only or a permanent improvement, time will show. As we write, the wholesale trade is at its wits' end to get all the orders in hand completed in time for the retailer to receive his parcel before Christmas. The colonial and continental business has been very good for the period named.

The leading book of the season and *facile princeps* is *Trilby*. It is selling at the rate of several tons per month. Following it at a respectful distance, as being next in popular favour, are Crockett's *Sweetheart Travellers* and Marie Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan*.

The demand for fairy tales continues unabated. Mr. Baring-Gould's collection is in great request. Drawing-room table books are fast disappearing. The public will not buy books which are issued merely to be looked at. They insist upon having a readable text, to which the illustrations are servants, and not by any means the masters. Hence the active enquiry for fiction in fine editions. Defoe, Fielding, Dumas, Balzac. Poe, Smollett, and other authors of established reputations are being sold in very dainty dress.

Minor poetry is decidedly at a discount, and it is doubtful if it is often heard of outside a certain street which is famed for its production. The poetry of William Watson is in good request, and it seems as if one of the poets of the century has appeared. His *Father of the Forest* has been very well received. There is a good demand for Annuals, Diaries, and Almanacs, but the rush for the two latter classes commences, strangely enough, on New Year's Day. A very favourite gift-book for the season is one of the volumes of Dr. J. R Miller's popular religious writings, which are issued in a delicate uniform binding at 2s. 6d. each by Hodder and Stoughton. Thousands have been sold. There are a few secessions from the ranks of magazine literature, as is usual at the end of the year. They are not of sufficient importance to specify.

Appended is a list of the leading books of the

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season. It would appear to show a wide range of taste, but this column chronicles, and must not criticise. Many of the titles have been named in previous lists. The selection has, however, been made after considerable and careful enquiry, and may be taken as a correct index of the most popular books of the moment.

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
My Honey. By the author of Tip Cat. 5s.
The Carbonels By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
The Tiger of Mysore. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
A Knight of the White Cross. By G. A. Henty. 6s.
Through Russian Snows. By G. A. Henty. 5s.
The Story of Rosina. By Austin Dobson. 5s.
The Father of the Forest. By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net.
A Message for the Day. By J. R. Miller. 3s. 6d.
A Child's Garden of Verses. By R. L. Stevenson. 5s. net.
The Wallypug of Why. By G. E. Farrow. 5s.
Katawampus. By E. A. Parry. 3s. 6d.
The Gurneys of Earlham. By A. J. C. Hare. 2 vols. 25s
The Red True Story Book. By A. Lang. 6s.
The Story of a Cat and a Cake. By M. Bramston. 2s. 6d.
The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By A. Hope. 6s.
The Red Cockade. By S. Weyman. 6s.
The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montrésor. 3s. 6d.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
Stewart (Robert and Louisa). By Mary E. Watson. 3s. 6d.
A Lady of England (A. L. O. E.). By Agnes Giberne. 7s. 6d.
Diet in Sickness and Health. By Mrs. E. Hart. 3s. 6d.
The Teaching of Jesus. By R F. Horton. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between December 1, 1895, and January 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Doctor of the Old School. By Ian Maclaren. $2.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Little Rivers. By Henry Van Dyke. $2.00. (Scribner.)
4. Bachelor's Christmas. By Robert Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Other Wise Man. By Henry Van Dyke. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Jude the Obscure. By Thomas. Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Bachelor's Christmas. By Grant. 1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Little Rivers. By Van Dyke. $2.00. (Scribner.)
5. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century.)
6. Uncle Remus. By Harris. $2.00. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Little Swiss Guide. By Parkhurst. 30 cts. (Revell.)
5. Slain by the Doones. By Blackmore. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
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